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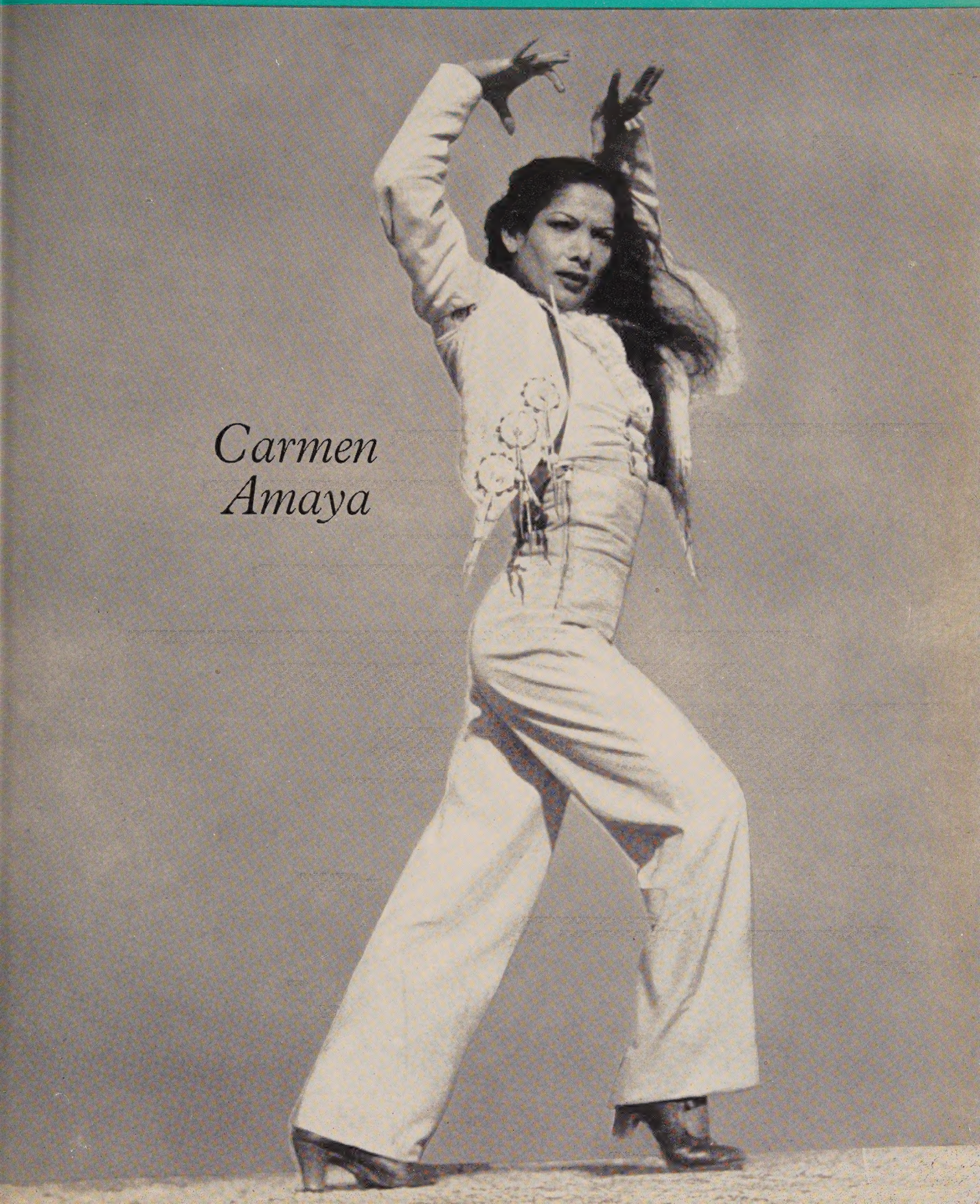

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May 1952 Vol. 3. No. 5

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES, DAVID RAHER

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

MANNERS MAKETH

THERE is a story, and not a very pretty one, of how two world-famous ballerinas went to the ballet on their evening off. The company they saw consisted of young dancers and the two ballerinas enjoyed their evening. After the performance they decided to go back stage and congratulate some of the artists. Now, this was not done to show-off or to encourage a demonstration of adoration, it was a wholeheartedly sincere tribute from artists of one generation to another.

They went into one of the dressing-rooms where some of the soloists were taking off their make-up and said how much they liked the performance. The young dancers were not particularly impressed, or if they were they gave no sign of it. It may have been that they were shy, it may have been that they were tired, but they continued to take off their make-up and never bothered even to stand up. The world-famous ballerinas retreated, they were great enough to understand the situation but they must have been slightly surprised, not to say hurt, by this cool reception.

This is not a solitary case for such incidents are frequently occurring, especially in England. Even recently, a prominent rising ballerina displayed incredible rudeness to a ballerina whose name was a household word (to-day it is a legend) when this young lady was still puking in her pram. Over-tiredness is no excuse for such behaviour. These are the ordinary common courtesies which should be as much part of dancer's equipment as their shoes. None of us are so exalted that we have the right to show any kind of discourtesy to people who are, after all, the Royal family of the ballet world.

Perhaps the younger generation are not to blame, perhaps nobody has ever told them. Perhaps it is not known that it is usual to show respect to artists greater than themselves, perhaps it has not been born in on them that there *were*, and *are*, artists greater than themselves. Has it not been explained that it is usual to stand up in the presence of exalted personages?

All this may be the reason for a certain smugness that is creeping into ballet. It may be that dancers are not encouraged to respect tradition or the history of an art in which they are playing a valuable but not particularly significent part. There are still people who are not ignorant of these matters but they are getting fewer each year.

The feverish rush in turning out dancers does not allow much time to be spent on acquiring any background knowledge. But such knowledge is important for until it is properly understood dancers cannot say that they have really learnt their trade. It is up to those responsible for schools and companies to see that those in their care are made conscious of tradition, discipline and good manners. Until this is done we shall remain a second-class power.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

IT is curious how anything that makes us laugh is often dismissed as being of little importance, while some work which contains murder, seduction, frustration and general dolefulness, is hailed as a masterpiece. Nobody could say that John Cranko's *Bonne-Bouche* has not been acclaimed from most quarters, even so it is possible to hear the wail "It is too light for Covent Garden—it is not the masterpiece we expected —ballets should not be funny". Moan! Moan! Moan! as if this winter has not been depressing enough. Let us welcome something that makes us laugh and if it is not our kind of humour, well then, the loss is ours. The Sadler's Wells repertoire needs this kind of thing. If its not a masterpiece then thank goodness for that, we can just enjoy it and then forget about it and there will be no fear of those undistinguished revivals. It is unlikely that any century will produce more than half a dozen masterpieces at the outside.

If its the light touch you like then go and see Gene Kelly's film, *Singing in the Rain*. It is gay, colourful, exhilarating. It is Hollywood laughing at itself and there are few funnier subjects. Kelly is one of the most inventive of producers; as a choreographer he seems to have shown a greater understanding of his medium than anyone else to date.

The film has captured the 'twenties better than anything we have seen so far. If you escaped that lively raffish period then it will be historically interesting to you; if you were part of it then you can enjoy a little nostalgia.

Both ballet and film have added gaiety to this sudden spring so let us savour the champagne while the bubbles last and drink in the spirit in which it was offered—with a light heart.

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2nd row: Anna Scarpova (Mrs. Igor Youskevitch), Tatiana Chamie, Ludmilla Schollar, (Mme. Vilzak), Galina Razoumova, Jeannette Lauret, Nicolas Orloff, Natalie Kelepovska
3rd row: Lucia Chase, Svetlana Beriosova,
Standing: Jean Jazvinsky, Anatole Vilzak, Vera Nemtchinova, Jan Hoyer, Nathalie Branitzka, Vladimir Dokoudovsky

Photo: Walter Owen

Cover Stories

This month's front cover, by Duncan Melvin, shows Carmen Amaya in the famous trousers she invariably wears for flamenco numbers.

AMAYA was born in the caves of Granada in 1920. At the age of four she was dancing for tourists in the Albaicin. At ten, she appeared in a Raquel Meller revue in Paris and, accompanied by her guitarist father "el Chino", she could often be seen dancing in Montmartre cafes in the early hours of the morning. At the age of fifteen she was already touring Spain with a company, consisting mainly of members of her family. Crossing the Atlantic in the late thirties, she appeared with outstanding success in Buenos Aires where a theatre was built for her and named after her. Her New York debut in 1941 was equally successful. After making some films she returned to Argentina in 1945, thence to London in 1948. At Princes Theatre she was a sensation, the English and Spanish audience returned night after night to show their appreciation in a most vocal manner. The season was extended considerably. On April 12, of this year she again returned to London with her family; this time to the Cambridge Theatre. As a gypsy dancer, Amaya is supreme. Her speed, her turns, the rhythm of her *pitos* (finger clicks) and *palmas* (hand claps), have to be seen and heard to be believed. Her enthusiasm is such that, even when she is not on the stage, she can be heard in the wings lashing her company into a fury.

Our back cover, by Roy Round, is of Vassilie Trunoff as the Gold Slave in Festival Ballet's revival of *Schéhérazade.*

TRUNOFF is a white Russian born in Melbourne, Australia. At the age of six he first appeared in the crowd in *Petrouchka* in the Woizikovsky company which was playing there at the time. He received his first training from Madame Borovansky. In the Borovansky company he had his first chance to dance principal roles. He also appeared with the Rambert Ballet during its Australian tour. Coming to England in 1950 he joined Festival Ballet where he has remained ever since dancing many principal roles such as the Polovtsian Chief in *Prince Igor*, the above-mentioned Gold Slave, The Moor in *Petrouchka*, and the Gopak in *Casse Noisette.*

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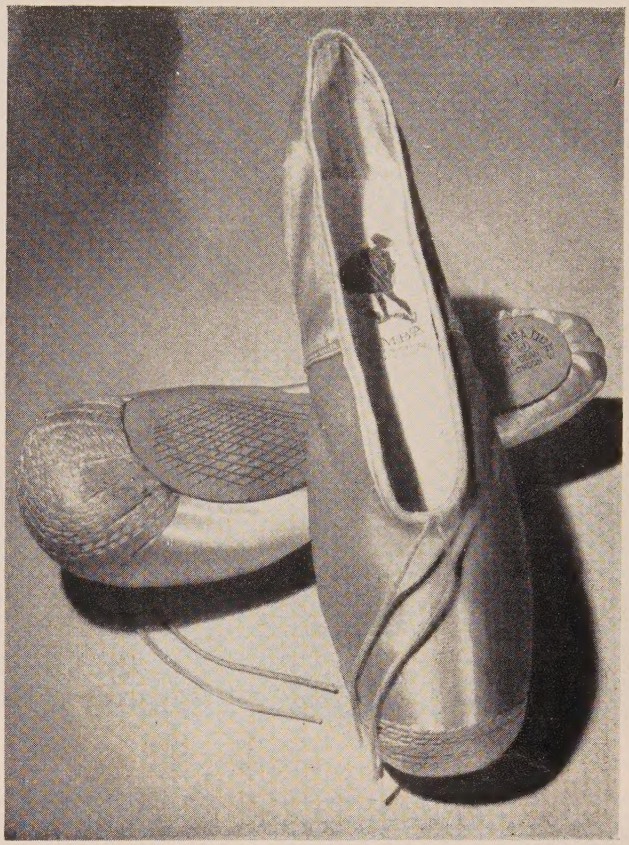

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Serge Lido chooses his best ballet photographs

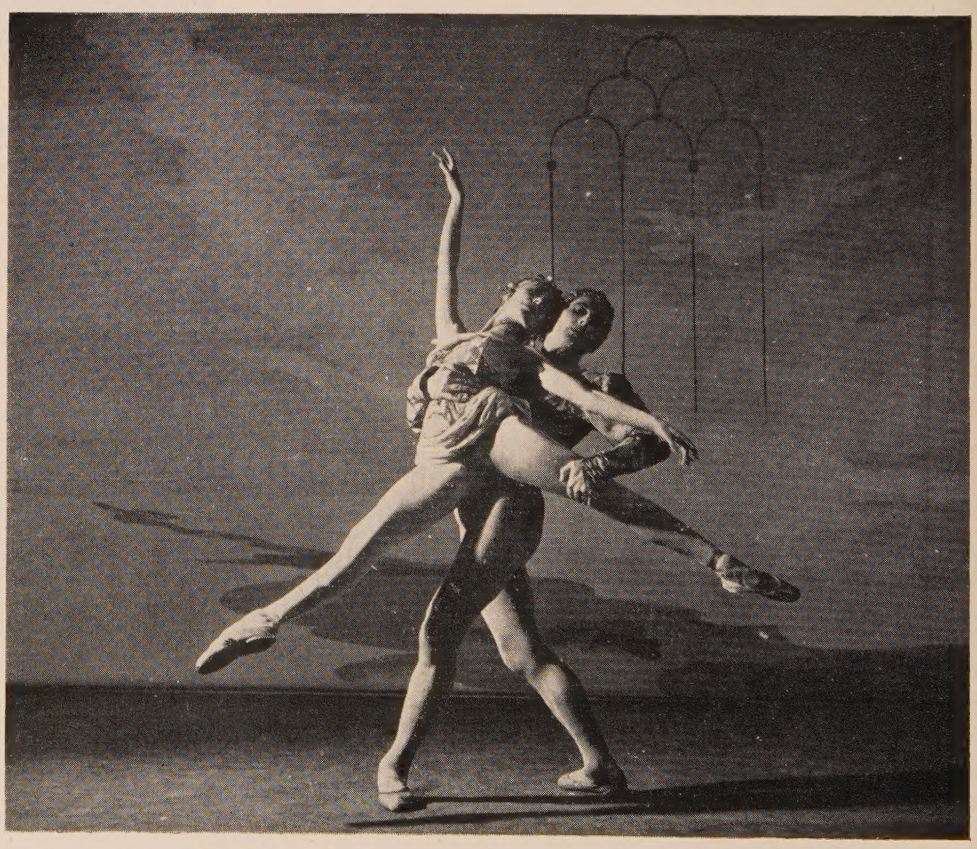
SINCE the last war, no European photographer has recorded the field of ballet so faithfully and thoroughly as Serge Lido. Using Paris as his centre, he has a habit of turning-up at almost every dance occasion on the continent of Europe.

We have asked him to select a number of his photographs which he considers to be the best. These have been selected for various reasons—some interesting pattern or play of light, some unusual composition, some original background, or because Lido considers the photograph to be the best he has made of a particular artist who he admires. The reason for his choice accompanies each photograph.

This is the first of a series in which we intend to ask famous photographers in various countries to select the best of their work. Not only photographers are to be included in this series but also world-famous ballet personalities who will be asked to choose the photographs they have admired most in their career whether of themselves, other artists, or anything in connection with the art of ballet.

Above. A rehearsal of Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Taken in Monte Carlo when the company was there in 1939.

Lido writes: In spite of the lack of costumes, I find this collection of arms and hands gives an extremely theatrical effect.
(Note George Skibine in the back row wearing a shirt. Compare this with the photograph of him to-day on page nine).



Right. Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin in David Lichine's *Impressions*. They are seen in the second movement of this work, to the music of Bizet's only symphony, which was created for Festival Ballet.

Although I generally do not like "action photographs" because they always seem to lack any artistic effect, I find that this one has unusual qualities caused by the theatrical lighting and the beautiful line of the two dancers.

Yvette Chauviré and Jean Babilée rehearsing *Mystères* by Aurel Milloss for the 1951 Florence Festival. This work, to Bartok's Music for *String instruments, Percussion, and Celeste*, also had Philippart, Skouratoff and Mendel in the cast.

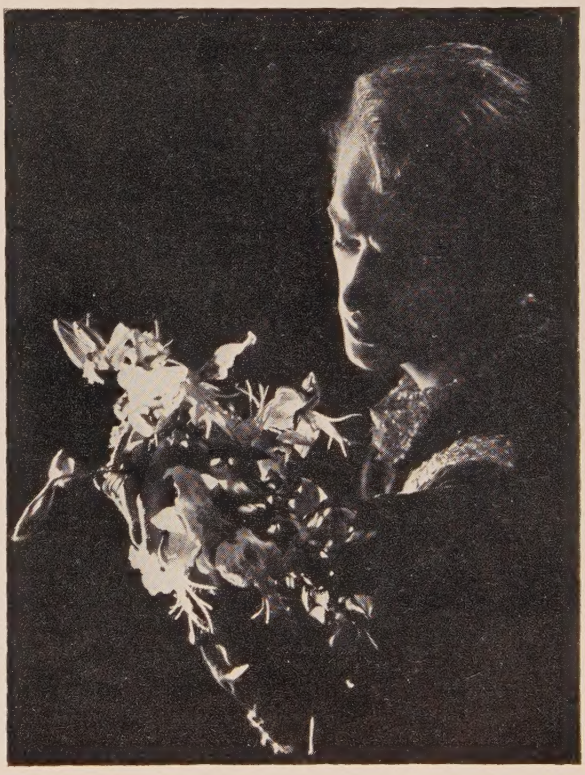
It is the line of the two bodies interlaced which seems to me to be very harmonious and statuesque, while at the same time showing the human qualities of both the dancers.

Serge Lifar looking out of the Rotonde of the Paris Opéra.

I choose this because it is a portrait of a great artist. It emphasizes the personal character of the man and the dancer, as he stands in front of the wall of this building where so much history of a century of dance has been written.

Left. Mary Ellen Moylan, of American Ballet Theatre, with a guardsman at Edinburgh Castle.

He is not able to flirt with her. . . . It is amusing, sometimes, to find this type of humour in a photograph.



Right. Milorad Miskovitch in *Giselle*.

Lighting is the essential element in this picture. It alone designs the atmosphere of the character, Albrecht, and the artist, Miskovitch.

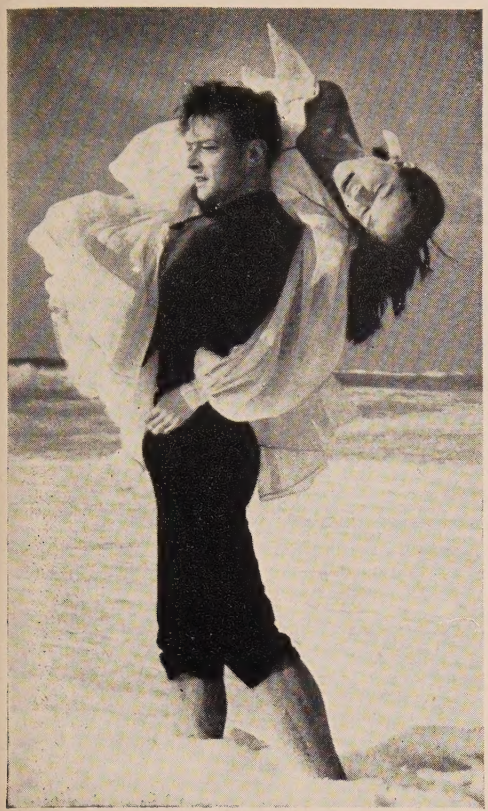
Left. Serge Golovine and the pigeons in St. Marks Square, Venice. This young Franco-Russian dancer is now with the De Cuevas Grand Ballet as one of its principal dancers. His amazing elevation and technique were one of the sensations of the De Cuevas season at the Cambridge Theatre, last autumn.

It is the symbol of taking flight and of lightness as the dancer takes off with the birds. He seems to be guided by the pigeons. I particularly like the fuzzy effect made by the mass of birds in flight.

Below. Colette Marchand and Serge Perrault. These two dancers first came to England to dance with Metropolitan Ballet, later they returned for the first season of Roland Petit's Ballet de Paris. When that company went to America, Marchand's legs were one of the hits of Broadway in *L'oeuf à la Coque*. After the company disbanded in Hollywood, she returned to Broadway in a revue, *Two on the Aisle*. Back in Europe again she is now dancing in a revue at the Theatre de L'Empire in Paris.

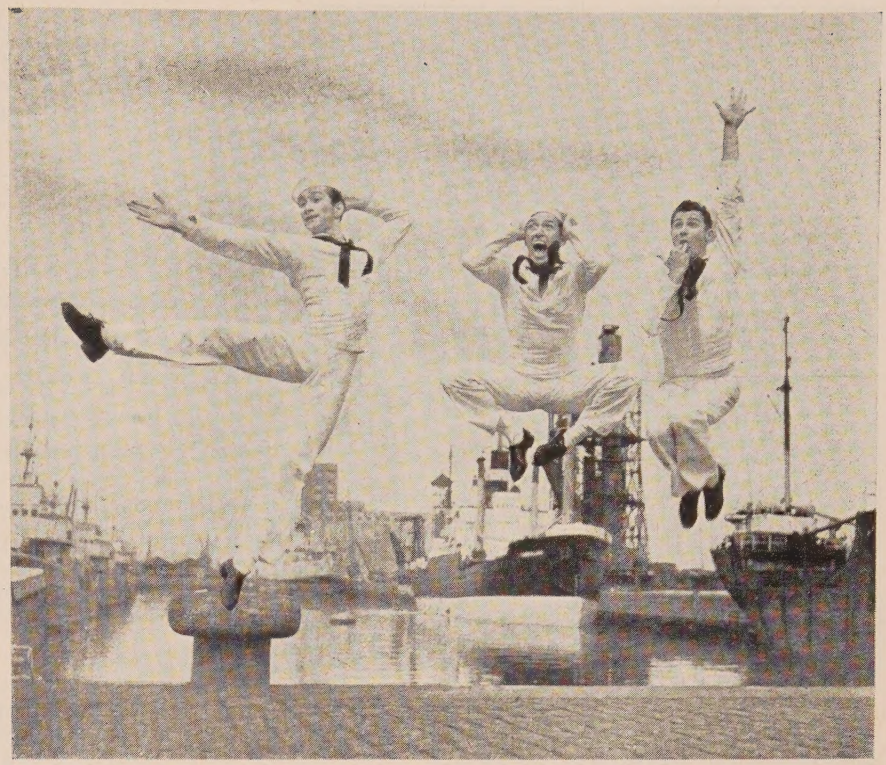
This is a picture which is made very successful by the harmonious masses of light and shadow. The two bodies remind me of an antique sculpture.

Edinburgh seen through the legs of Mary Ellen Moylan.
This way of using a ballerina's legs amuses me.



George Skibine and Marjorie Tallchief rehearsing Skibine's ballet, *Annabel Lee*, on the beach at Biarritz. This work was Skibine's second excursion into the field of choreography.

I love this photograph because I feel that the realism of the sea underlines the atmosphere of Poe's poem from which the ballet got its inspiration. Also the light costume of Tallchief has a feeling of sea foam.



Eric Braun, Paul Godkin and John Kriza, of American Ballet Theatre, in *Fancy Free* when the company was in Edinburgh. This ballet by Jerome Robbins inspired the Broadway musical, *On the Town*, which was later turned into an equally successful film with Gene Kelly. When the ballet was first seen in England, during the Ballet Theatre season at Covent Garden in 1946, it was an instantaneous hit. For the first time, musical comedy technique was used in ballet without the latter losing any dignity. This fragment about three gobs looking for girls while on shore-leave, had a speed and vitality that was most refreshing. To-day, it still remains one of the best works in the genre.

I like this photograph because I feel that I discovered the ideal decor for a sailor ballet.

Milorad Miskovitch after a class. This dancer now with Janine Charrat's company, was at one time with De Cuevas and later with Ballet de Paris. After that, an illness caused him to stop for some time. Since then he has appeared as guest artist with several companies including Festival Ballet both in London and Monte Carlo.

The dance is not just a parade in the theatre. I like also to express the other side of the picture, the fatigue of the dancer and the professional way of relaxing the limbs. The sad lighting of the studio has as much poetry as stage illumination.

I apologise to Monsieur Lido for not including his photograph of Vaslav Nijinsky in 1947. He describes it thus : *This photograph is of my first meeting with Nijinsky in a wild castle in Austria and it was the most moving memory in my career as a dance photographer.*
The reason for not using this photograph is because I made a vow on Nijinsky's death in 1950, that I would never show photographs, in DANCE AND DANCERS, of the world's greatest male dancer other than those which show him in his prime. As a dancer he departed from this world in 1917. I feel certain that Monsieur Lido and our readers will understand my reason for this omission.

Editor.

Tamara Toumanova

To understand Toumanova, it is necessary to get her story from two people—herself and her mother (or Mama as she is affectionately called throughout the ballet world). To do this is rather like sitting in a room in which two pianos are playing, both playing the same tune only in a different way, and curiously enough both in complete harmony.

Tamara and Mama Toumanova during a holiday in the early 'thirties

Enlightening statements

"YOU know, darling, it was only about seven years ago that I found something very precious — a sense of humour". This statement from the average person would not mean a great deal, from Toumanova it means all the world. I got the impression that she valued it above all her other acquisitions—mastery of her art, physical beauty, money, jewels and her mink coat. Those fairy godmothers, so intent on bestowing gifts at christenings, must have been at hers in full force but a nasty uninvited one must have declared that she would not receive the full benefits for many years.

Another somewhat surprising statement—"Mama has been with me since I was born"—has more significance than might appear at first. Mama Toumanova plays a greater part in Tamara's life than do most ballet mothers—and that is saying something. It is hardly possible to think of Tamara without thinking of Mama at the same time. In fact the life of Tamara is four people—herself, her mother, her father, and her husband Casey Robinson. The latter is eighteen years older than Tamara ; father Toumanova is eighteen years older than Mama. This disparity in age makes not the slightest difference; they all share everything. The word "I" seldom creeps into their language, they always say "we" and it means the four of them. These two points are important in the story of the person who was once known as the tragic creature of ballet.

Miracles in flight

Tamara was born in a truck while her mother was escaping from the Russian revolution. At the time it was uncertain whether her father was still alive. As the White army moved on towards Vladivostok, so Mama went with them, the idea uppermost in her mind being that one day her infant daughter would be a ballerina.

"Imagine, Peter, how wonderful. I arrive in Vladivostok and there is my husband. It was a miracle. I thought he was in the Crimea. But everywhere there is danger and fighting and we have to escape. But the three of us are together." The three of them have been together ever since.

After various adventures they are smuggled onto a Shanghai-bound cargo boat in the dead of night. "All through the night we hide, hardly daring to breathe. In the morning the first glimmer of daylight revealed something extraordinary. Think of it, Peter, all around us we see our friends. Friends who we had no idea were still alive. Is it not wonderful? And even more wonderful there is our priest. Many years later we arrive in Hollywood and again we see him, we cannot believe our eyes. It was he who eventually marry Tamara to Casey."

From security to Europe

The three of them finally arrived in Shanghai. Here, they found some sort of security but life was not easy. In Russia they had wealth. Their year was divided between Tiflis (Georgia) and St. Petersburg and in that city they saw all the great dancers and heard concerts; they had many friends and lived in an atmosphere which could not have prepared them for the struggle upon which they were about to embark. Little Tamara knew none of these things so the visit of Anna Pavlova to Shanghai was the most important event in her young life. In fact it altered the whole course of the life and fortune of the Toumanova family.

Tamara was determined to become a ballerina. It says a lot for the faith of Mama that she persuaded her husband to make the long journey to Europe, giving up their comparative security for the sake of their child. Shanghai was no place for a budding ballerina. They scraped everything together and left for Egypt but there were no teachers there so they moved on to Paris.

Lilac Fairy Preo

Before the war they had known many people in Paris, but they had all gone. It was all so different. Their fortune and country having gone, they had to set about making enough to live. Papa Toumanova, once a proud Colonel, became a chauffeur; Mama used to bead bags late into the night. Often there was not enough to eat and Mama would go hungry so that Tamara should have enough. The greatest treat in Tamara's life was the occasional bar of Toblerone chocolate that her father brought home for her—the word "Toblerone" stood for everything wonderful. "Now I hate chocolate," says Tamara.

"Then Mama does a crazy thing" she continued, "We have no money, so she takes me to the most expensive teacher in Paris—Olga Preobrajenska. The only money we have in the world is enough to pay for two weeks of lessons."

Preobrajenska agreed to take on Tamara without knowing that her stay was likely to be of very short duration. "After two weeks," takes-up Mama, "I take Tamara to class and the secretary draws me aside and says that Madame wishes to speak with me privately. My heart stops, Peter, I think she is going to ask for money and we have none. I am shaking but somehow I manage to get to her room. She tells me to sit down and then says she has such belief in Tamara that she will never take any more money—always she will have free lessons. Was that not wonderful?"

Preobrajenska must, in spirit, have been the Lilac Fairy at Tamara's christening because she guided her all through her young life, She gave her jewels, she gave her many of her costumes, she did hundreds of kindnesses. Others

The smallest person Haskell ever saw in ballet skirts, Toumanova as she appeared in the Gala with Pavlova in 1926

The tragedienne who learnt to have a sense of humour

by PETER WILLIAMS

too, bestowed riches on her—she was given free schooling at the Lycée Michelet; her music teacher, Bernadette Alexandre George, taught her the piano. In spite of all these gifts, there was still the question of making enough money to live.

It is true to say that Tamara never had a childhood. She never had toys or played games like other children. Her presents were sacks of coal for the fire, food, and second-hand dresses. Not for many years was she to have clothes of her own. It was not until 1933 that she was able to buy her first dresses though both Alice Nikitina and Tilly Losch were unbelievably generous in giving her clothes.

Pavlova descends

One day, Anna Pavlova made one of her spectacular descents on the Preobrajenska class. She was looking for dancers to support her at a Red Cross Gala at the Trocadéro.

"Madame had told me," continues Mama, "that Tamara was too young and must stand at the back because the others must have a chance first. Naturally we understand so Tamara goes behind the piano. Pavlova comes in, she is beautifully dressed. Tamara anxious to see her, peeps out from behind the piano like a little monkey. Suddenly Pavlova notices her and asks who the little one is. Tamara comes out and makes such a deep curtsy that Pavlova has to tell her to get up. She is amused by this solemn child and decides that she shall be in the centre of a group of older girls. So my Tamara dance first on the stage with the great Pavlova."

Gala and roses

At the Trocadéro, Paris, in 1926, the name Tamara Toumanova first appeared on a programme. She danced a Polka of Liadov surrounded by girls almost twice her age. In the audience was Arnold Haskell and Sol Hurok. The former was to be her first great champion, the latter was to take her to America in 1933. Neither of them knew then but those Norns who control our destiny were working overtime. It was probably the maternal instincts of the audience which made her debut so successful. "She was the smallest person I have ever seen in ballet skirts," says Arnold Haskell.

Afterwards, in her big cold dressing room, Pavlova received her and gave the child a bouquet of roses (which she pressed and has to this day). "There you are, little Tamara," said Pavlova, "work and work and success will come."

Parties pay

Her next public performance was also with Pavlova. In the garden of Leon Bilby's house they performed on a terrace. Pavlova quite rightly never liked dancing in the open-air. Again the embryonic ballerina stole the show. After this she started to get many engagements to dance at private parties and the family coffers began to fill though hardly to swell. The more her fame spread the more opposition she got from the mothers of other dancers. This has continued throughout her life which has meant that Mama has had to fight for the Cause Tamara more violently than have most ballet mothers.

A recent photograph of Toumanova on the terrace of the Palais de Chaillot in Paris. This is also a photograph chosen by Serge Lido as one of his best pictures (see page 6) *He says, "I like particularly my model . . . and I am proud to have been able to capture the beauty and character of this dancer"*

"Always people have either hated or adored me," says Tamara, "There is no half way." This is perfectly true because nobody ever says that they just like her; her presence either arouses violent partisanship or completely the reverse—great ballerinas have been known to gibber with rage at the mention of her name.

At eleven she was the star of an entertainment at the Paris Opéra—*L'Evantail de Jeanne*. Madame Dubost had collected nine of the most famous composers of the day (Ravel, Ibert, Manuel, Roussel, Poulenc, Ferroud, Auric, Schmitt, and Milhaud) and their work combined with the designer, Marie Laurencin, made about as spectacular a setting as must ever have surrounded the debut of a dancer at the Opéra.

Levinson attacks

The Paris critics, lavish in their praise, began to accuse her parents of exploiting so young a child. One of the leaders of this attack was André Levinson. "He make out," says Mama, "that I am a brassy blonde dripping with jewels and furs which I buy on Tamara's earnings. Just imagine, darling, me! It is big scandal. One day he come to Champs-Elysées Theatre to see Tamara and ask to see me. Tamara introduce me and he not believe her. No blonde hair, no jewels, no furs."

"He apologise very much," Mama continues, "and ask us to tea. We are very excited to think that the great Levinson ask us to tea. On the day, we arrive an hour early so as not to be late then have a walk about the streets until the appointed time. Tamara ask him what she shall do while she is away on holiday and he tell her to play tennis, it is the best thing for dancers. He was a great man."

De Basil and Balanchine

One day in 1932, George Balanchine came to Preobrajenska's studio to recruit dancers for a new company which was forming in Monte Carlo—Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russe de Monte Carlo. On seeing the thirteen year old Tamara he engaged her in ten minutes. For her he created roles in *Cotillon* and *Concurrence*. She also danced in revivals of *Swan Lake*, *Les Sylphides* and the Ballerina in *Petrouchka*.

Balanchine left de Basil so as to form Les Ballets 1933 at the Savoy, London, with Edward James. Tamara who "would follow Balanchine through fire," broke her contract and left also for London. She was sued for 100,000 francs.

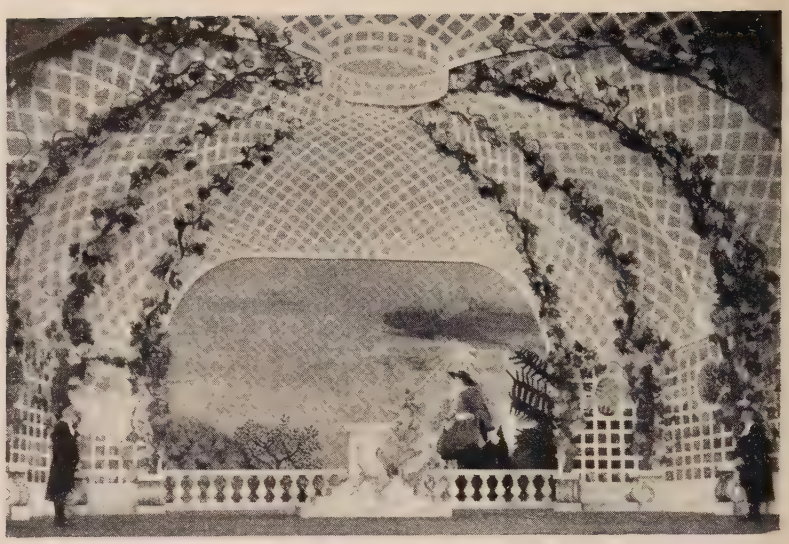
Though she had a personal success at the Savoy, the company did not. By this time De Basil's company had entered on its first triumphant season at the Alhambra Theatre and the Colonel was anxious to have his baby ballerina back with him. Tamara, then in the South of France, was told that Balanchine had signed with the Colonel so she instantly followed suit. Not until later did she discover that this was not true—Balanchine had not signed. It was too late however and there was nothing to be done so she returned to London to remain with the Colonel until 1938. Had she not signed she would have gone to America with Balanchine and become the first ballerina in his American School of Ballet, then about to be formed. As it was she became one of de Basil's three Baby Ballerinas (the other two being Baronova and Riabouchinska).

It is hard to know how different would have been the fortunes of the de Basil company and the American School of Ballet (later to become New York City Ballet) had Tamara left with Balanchine. It is doubtful whether in those days in America she would have gained the experience that she did, touring the world with de Basil. It has probably all turned out for the best in the end.

(*To be concluded next month*)

NEXT MONTH

We regret that owing to shortness of space certain regular features have been omitted from this issue. Music Page, Personality of the Month, Approach to dancing, and Dancers you will know—all will be back in our June issue, which will also contain:
Recent works from Festival Ballet
Roger Wood chooses his best photographs
André Eglevsky by David Raher
Anton Dolin on American dancers
Square Dancing by Clive Barnes
Character Dancing by Elizabeth Moore
Three-dimensional film ballet
And all the usual features in twenty-eight pages.



Left. Mlle. Denise Bourgeois and Monsieur Raoul Bari as the French couple who come to be married at Cupid's temple

Above. The new setting by Chapelain-Midy for the revival by Harald Lander of the Danish classic for the Paris Opéra *Photos: Lido*

New Ballets

LES CAPRICES DU CUPIDON

(The Whims of Cupid)

First given at the National Opera House in Paris, February 27, 1952. Ballet in one act produced by Harald Lander after the choreography by Vincenzo Galeotti. Music by Jens Lolle. Decor and costumes by Chapelain-Midy.

CAST

Amor	Mlle Remy
German couple ..	Mlle Paulette Dynalix M. Legrand
French couple ..	Mlle Denise Bourgeois M. Bari
Danish couple ..	Mlle Genevieve Guillot M. X. Andreani
Norwegian couple ..	Mlle Bessy M. Lemoine
Greek couple ..	Mlle Clavier M. Jodel
Old couple	Mlle Mail M. Duprez
Quaker couple ..	Mlle Carlsen M. Jamet
Negro couples ..	Mlles Deleplanque, Sianina, Montbazon MM. Descombey, Lacotte, Blanc

Considering that this ballet was first produced in Copenhagen at the Royal Theatre, October 31, 1786, it may seem rather a paradox to feature it under " New Ballets ". But in view of its quality as well as its historical interest, it deserves a hearty welcome now it has been brought within reach of a larger continental public by former ballet master of the Copenhagen Ballet—Mr. Harald Lander.

Hundred and sixty six year old classic

GALEOTTI was the first ballet master to bring fame to the Danish ballet. He was a Florentine by birth, and originally bore the name Tomaselli. A pupil of Noverre, who had also received his training all over Europe, he arrived in Copenhagen in 1775, where the first permanent dancing school had been established in connection with the Royal Theatre four years earlier. Under the name of Vincenzo Galeotti he began his Danish career as dancer, choreographer and ballet master. Up to his death at the age of 83 he still retained the latter position, and behind him lay the first golden age of Danish ballet, with forty-nine ballets, *entrées* and other dancing arrangements to his credit.

Up to now, Galeotti's works have been performed altogether more than 2250 times, but the only ballet left on the repertory to-day is *Caprices de Cupidon et du Mâitre de Ballet*. With Dauberval's *La Fille mal Gardée* from the same year, it ranks as the oldest ballet in the European repertory still being performed.

Les Caprices is a gaily naive affair about a number of couples representing national characters. As they dance into Amor's temple in order to be wedded, the little god insists on their being blindfolded. This leads to the oddest and most grotesque of combinations, all ending up in the merriest chaos.

One of Lander's contributions, not only to the Danish ballet, but to ballet in general, is that he has helped to maintain and revive the old, traditional works. The main body of this ballet consists of the series of *pas-de-deux* in which the couples enter, these *pas-de-deux* being characteristic of the style of the period.

Gallic and Scandinavian approach

For anyone who has seen the Copenhagen production, the present performance at the Paris Opera might seem a little disappointing. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that much of what is offered by this company at the moment is so mediocre that the papers and the public are justified in a little bit of Gallic enthusiasm.

And also, the Ballet Festival in Copenhagen last spring was such an orgy of fine dancing with everybody intent on outdoing themselves, that one perhaps should be careful not to let it grow into the kind of legend that " the Diaghilev season in '12 " has become for some of my older colleagues.

But even taking all the pitfalls of comparison into consideration, one missed the easy manner in which mime and dancing should combine in order to make this ballet have an essentially more than antiquarian interest for us to-day. That one never felt this lack in Copenhagen, may be due to the stronger character training of the dancers there. In the Paris production there were moments of good dancing and moments of amusing mime, yet it was not always held together in that spirit of abundant all-pervading good humour which is needed to make it a complete success. But perhaps there are no ballets that offer more serious problems than those that do not take themselves quite seriously : at times the dancers' approach seemed a trifle strained, with a jollity superimposed on—rather than radiating from—the dancing itself.

Any decorator with the space and the resources of the Paris Opera House at his disposal ought to be able to do an adequate job. M. Chapelain-Midy proved himself more than adequate. He had exactly that light touch which gave the stage for this merry-making the airy quality sometimes lacking in the merry-making itself.

" Assez bourgeois ", was a French comment I overheard on the music by the Dane Jens Lolle. I am not sure that I know exactly what the remark implies, but I prefer to quote it as praise : the music gives the right carefree mood of a work pleasantly evoking an era when the bourgeoisie was coming into its own.

The total impression was such as to make one congratulate the Opera on its acquisition of Harald Lander : but even more to make one wonder why he is not going to put on anything more than this one ballet until next season. After all, even the most ardent French patriots (and among ballet-goers, there are many ardent patriots—here, as elsewhere)—would hardly deny that some fresh blood is needed at the Opera.

Erik Pierstorff

BONNE — BOUCHE

A ballet in three scenes. First given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden on April 4, 1952. Music by Arthur Oldham ; Choreography and Scenario by John Cranko ; Scenery and Costumes by Osbert Lancaster. The conductor was John Hollingsworth.

CAST

A Mother	Pamela May
Her Daughter	Pauline Clayden
The Lover	Brian Shaw
A Rich Old Neighbour ..	John Hart
His Butler	Henry Legerton
Artistic Neighbours	Ronald Hynd, Rosemary Valaire
Theatrical Neighbours	Kenneth Melville, Julia Farron
Sporty Neighbours	Philip Chatfield, Rosemary Lindsay
Anonymous Neighbours	William Barrett, Desmond Doyle, Donald Barclay, Valerie Taylor, Greta Hamby, Catherine Boulton
Parlour Maids ..	Deidre Dixon, Wendy Winn, Brenda Taylor, Meriel Evans, Mary Drage, Anya Linden
An Officer	Gilbert Vernon
His Past ..	Fiorella Keane, June Lesley
The League of Light	Leslie Edwards, Franklin White, Ray Powell, Anne Heaton, Margaret Dale, April Olrich
A Black King	Alexander Grant
His Chamberlains	John Sale, Douglas Steuart
His Witch Doctor ..	Peter Clegg
His Chauffeur	Colin Worth
Tribesmen ..	Antony Manning, Henry Naughton, Donald Kilgour, David Shields, Ronald Hynd, Keith Milland
Reporter	Franklin White
Two Policemen	Henry Naughton, Ronald Hynd

SCENE I.
Morning in South Kensington
SCENE II.
Africa. Some weeks later
SCENE III
South Kensington some months after that

STORY

THE ballet opens amid the serried columns of Kensington's porticos. The time is approximately 1912.

A predatory Mother is busily engaged in genteely auctioning her daughter to the highest bidder. A young suitor, offering his hand and fortune, is rejected in favour of a rich old Neighbour, who unfortunately succumbs to an epileptic fit before he can claim his prize. The young suitor, now reinstated, witnesses a questionable episode between his bethrothed and a very gallant, but disreputable, Officer. Disillusioned, he is converted by the hell-fire gospelling of "The League of Light", an evangelist mission sent into darkest Kensington, presumably from one of the more enlightened boroughs.

The next scene shows the hero, now a missionary, leading the League of Light through the African bush, in the domain of a Cannibal King. By a series of unhappy accidents the League of Light is snuffed out, leaving the hero to a solitary fate in the tropical night. He sleeps and by chance dreams of his gold-digging Sweetheart. In his vision she, drawn as infallibly as a water-diviner to a subterranean spring, indicates the position of a gold-mine. On awakening, her lover finding a spade, conveniently left by his dream-mistress, starts to dig and finds gold. Lots and lots of gold !

Back in Kensington the Cannibal King establishes an Embassy in the home freshly vacated by the lamented rich neighbour. The Mother, seeing her chance, delivers her daughter into the dusky embraces of this apparently opulent newcomer. The hero returns, rich from his gold-mines, but finds his erstwhile fiancée at supper, "not where she eats, but where she is eaten". While the forces of law, order and Kensington unsuccessfully chase the unauthorised diners, the hero is left disconsolately with a still-steaming soup tureen, a few relics of the loved one and his memories. As the curtain falls he manfully brushes aside a furtive tear.

CHOREOGRAPHY

THIS ballet is very clever and very funny. It has the atmosphere of one of Harry Graham's *Ruthless Rhymes*, which were popular in the 'twenties, with a handful of Waugh thrown in for good measure and black mischief.

Some of the humour is more facetious than witty, more hearty than sophisticated, and it must be admitted that many of the jokes owe nothing to ballet—although they are none the less amusing for that. One of the best moments comes when the hero "digs" in the stage for gold, a brilliantly funny production touch.

Here is a ballet of almost perfect unity (a combined operation if ever I saw one), in which the choreography is supported by the music, and is only a junior partner to the scenario, decor and costumes. Altogether a strange, even if delicious way of making the omelette called ballet.

Cranko's choreographic invention is subdued, rarely reaching the heights of *Pineapple Poll* or *Harlequin in April*.

However some of the choreography is in his best vein. All that devised for the hero, particularly the masterly dance in which he abortively attempts suicide, could hardly be bettered. The movements for the League of Light parodying and epitomising revivalist

Above: The League o, Light appears in a Kensington square
L to R.: Leslie Edwards April Olrich, Franklin White, Margaret Dale, Ray Powell, and Anne Heaton

Left: The young suitor (Brian Shaw) arrives to ask the hand of the girl with the designing mother. Disillusioned by her fickle and scheming nature, he joins the League of Light on an expedition to darkest Africa

Photos: Denis de Marney

In darkest Africa, the League of Light mission meets a sad fate—some are eaten by animals, others by cannibals—only Brian Shaw is left blowing on his trumpet Left: The Black King (Alexander Grant) surrounded by his two Chamberlains (John Sale and Douglas Steuart) and his Witch Doctor (Peter Clegg). He is about to leave his country to establish an embassy in London

fervour are excellent, and there are many good things in the role of the Black King, although at times his Massine parentage was a little distracting.

The ballet's native dances—after Dunham—were uninteresting and failed to consolidate the designer's wit, while the finale was disjointed in pattern, lustreless in sparkle. It would be better cut down and re-worked.

In *Pineapple Poll*, Cranko was conspicuously successful in treating his *corps de ballet* as individuals, in his new work this is less marked. Not only do the Anonymous Neighbours jealously guard their anonymity, but the Artistic, Theatrical and Sporting Neighbours tend to be more the creations of the designer than the choreographer.

The story is exceptionally well-told. Few choreographers can equal Cranko's skill in narrative technique. Here he pulls off the really remarkable feat of telling his complicated cautionary tale, with no programme notes and no tell-tale hints in his cast-lists. What a salutary lesson for the " booksy boys ", to use Timothy Shy's phrase, among our choreographers ! But despite the ballet's triumph on all sides, Cranko still has to find a dance-style individual to himself ; he is still an author in search of a character.

DANCING

THERE was not a weakness in the cast. The performance justified every superlative that could be piled upon it. Pamela May's rapacious bird of prey ; Pauline Clayden's Queensgate version of the flapper, looking delicious enough to eat ; Alexander Grant's virile and rhythmic Black King ; Gilbert Vernon's dandified, rakish Officer—all were excellently danced and vividly portrayed.

Nevertheless it was Brian Shaw's evening. The choreographer gave him every chance ; every chance he accepted. From his first " tight-collared " entrance, his mournful, pathetic figure skimmed over the surface of the ballet, like a Pierrot who has acquired the pomposity of Pantalon and been taught to dance by Harlequin. Two moments in his performance I shall especially remember. The slow flash of awakening comprehension that fills his face when listening to the exhortations of the League of Light, and the desperate gallantry of his trumpet-playing when leading the Missionary file.

The minor parts were no less delightfully taken. John Hart's decrepit roué, Henry Legerton's most imperturbable Butler, Franklin White's go-getting news-hound, Peter Clegg's bounding Witch-Doctor, all took their places in the whole.

Other dancers who hardly had parts at all, filled in the ensemble work brilliantly. Outstanding were Margaret Dale's portrait of a Major Barbara before she was commissioned, and Kenneth Melville's Theatrical Gentleman, which revived ever-green memories of the Peruvian spiv Helpmann so engagingly presented us in *Facade*.

But all were good, and Cranko deserves all honour for the playing he extracted from his cast. In the words of one who surely would have forgiven this incursion upon his territory for such a good cause, the late Sid Field—" What a per-for-MANCE ! "

Clive Barnes

As the hero sleeps he dreams of his gold-digging sweetheart (Pauline Clayden). In a vision she appears with a spade and indicates where gold lies *Photos: Denis de Marney*

MUSIC

IT always seems such a pity when what starts as a brilliant idea begins to peter out into a dribble of mediocrity, all the more so when the mediocrity is illumined by occasional flashes of excellence which show what might have been achieved if only this had been consistent.

I am not asked to discuss the ballet *Bonne-Bouche* as a whole : only the music ; but it seems to me that both suffer from the same fault, and without knowing the history of this creation, it is impossible to say whether the faults in the music caused those in the choreographic treatment, or *vice versa*.

But one thing is clear : both choreographer and composer set out to build a satire—light satire if you like. And you cannot be successfully satirical at the expense of an institution or a class unless you have, fundamentally, a strong dislike of it. All the way through, in both treatment and music, it seemed to me that, in spite of the original idea, both Cranko and Oldham had too much of a sneaking regard for South Kensington to be sufficiently biting.

It is bite that the music lacks. It has no paucity of ideas—they are there in plenty, but although the knife-edge is keen, for a great deal of the time it sounds as if it had slipped on to its back.

It is by no means an inept score. Sometimes it is even delightful, but the delight—for me—never lasted long enough, and the ideas seemed to flip from one thing to another without any one of them being sufficiently developed. Most consistent was the opening of the second scene, in the jungle, where music and movement corresponded to a degree of exaggeration that resulted in delighted chuckles. And this piece should have been one great chuckle from beginning to end.

That it was not may not be the composer's fault—he may well have been forced to follow an action which demanded that treatment ; and if so, all the more credit to him for rising to the occasion when the occasion itself rose to its highest levels, for he did this indeed. That his best was so good makes his lapses from it all the more regrettable.

Evan Senior

Right : The designing Mother (Pamela May) encourages her Daughter (Pauline Clayden) to discard all suitors except for those who bring advance in social position and large monetary rewards. The original Lover was too poor, the Rich Old Neighbour died, the romantic Officer had another wife, but the Black King has wealth and position

Below: The arrival of the Black King causes excitement in Kensington. The young girl is overjoyed at such regal advances. The photograph gives some idea of Osbert Lancaster's delightful decor

Photos: Denis de Marney

DECOR

OSBERT LANCASTER has again brought off one of his masterly and witty architectural regurgitations. In *Pineapple Poll* it was a mixture of Municipal Gothic and Public-House Classic,* now it is a glorious conglomoration of Kensington Italianate.* Actually the church which is the centre-piece of the backcloth is more Bayswater than Kensington. Anyway, the whole of the first and third scene decor is the epitome of the inner-suburbs of London. It is as bright and fresh a late-Edwardian morning when parlour-maids still had respect, when bicycling was a pastime, and arty and theatrical neighbours were colourful objects of curiosity.

The drop-curtain between the scenes shows the facade of Kensington Gore, the green sward of Kensington Gardens, and two of the four groups which surround the memorial built by Queen Victoria to her beloved husband. It will be remembered that the groups each represent a continent, therefore it was a brilliant idea for showing the passage between two of the continents (actually they are Europe and Asia, as Lancaster thought the one for Africa was not so interesting).

The African jungle is very much after-Rousseau with its stylised tropical foliage. The background of a swamp is painted in the minutest detail and almost resembles a coloured photograph. I particularly liked a very evil looking tropical flower which was snarling down with bared-teeth from the borders.

The costumes all through are full of humour. Based on a period somewhere around 1912, they run the gamut, both in colour and silhouette, of garments both decorative and functional from that peculiar transition era. Pamela May's black and jade green confection, with its swaying fringes, is especially delectable. Those for the African natives, which presumably are the same in any period, evoke all that we have seen from Katherine Dunham and Pearl Primus.

Where the costumes are so good is that they do not appear to be obviously *designed*, they are the sort of clothes that people would wear. They could have been so over-elaborate, so laboured, but they never are, At the same time they are theatrically effective. The humour in the ballet lies in the fact that seemingly impossible incidents (in actual fact, they are not so far removed from so-called normal behaviour) happen to ordinary people living in ordinary houses. Lancaster has underlined this humour by not overstepping his allotted territory.

This kind of designing is a peculiarly English joke which is not, unfortunately, always understood by foreigners. But surely jokes should always be native to their own particular country without any concessions to outside opinion. Therefore one must congratulate both the designer for so charmingly poking fun at our, perhaps rather insular, oddities; also Cranko for creating a work that again uses the talent and invention of this century's most intelligently decorative buffoon.

Peter Williams.

* See *Pillar to Post* by Osbert Lancaster (John Murray)

curtain up!

THE merry month of April saw many parties for dancers, by dancers and about dancers. Saturday, April 5, saw two—a hail and farewell.

In the stalls bar of the Royal Opera House, those responsible for the success of *Bonne-Bouche* (John Cranko, Osbert Lancaster, and Arthur Oldham) gave a bottle party to celebrate the success of that now famous work. All the company was present together with their friends. With their plates of chicken, ham, and ice cream, most people picnicked on the floor. It was Christine du Boulay's last public appearance before leaving for Chicago to join her husband, Richard Ellis, who is now teaching there. Margot Fonteyn, sitting on one of the few sofas, unconsciously caused everyone who talked to her to kneel at her feet. It was amusing to watch each person who came up to her, gradually and slowly sink down to the floor. Those who started to make bets on anyone not conforming to this practice, found they lost their stake.

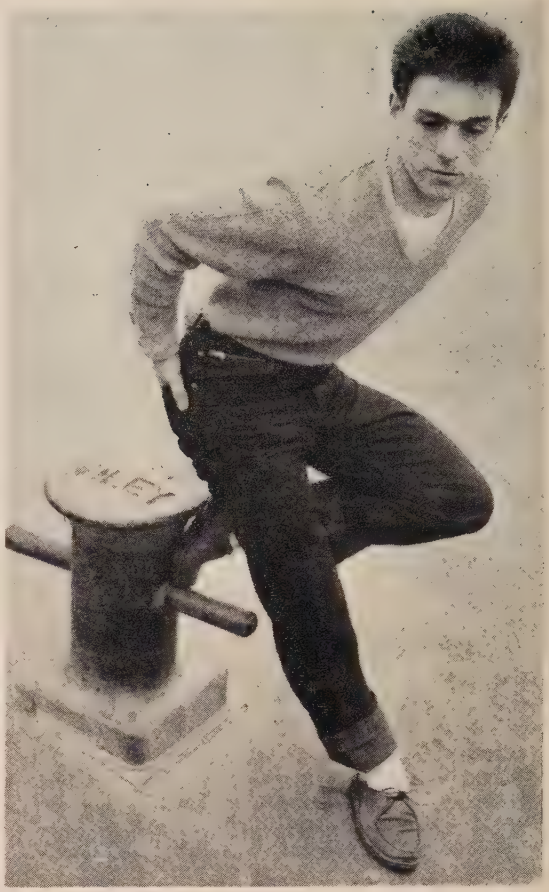
Later in the evening, Anton Dolin gave a farewell party for Tamara Toumanova at the flat of Mrs. Gwen Chenhalls. The visiting ballerina returned to Hollywood the following day to start work on the film of Sol Hurok's life. She plays Pavlova and dances *The Dying Swan* and the second act of *Giselle*. One of the highlights of the evening was a speech by Mama Toumanova in which she insisted on dancing with Dolin when she and Tamara return to Festival Ballet later in the summer. Richard Farrell played on the piano and gave the *Lady and the Nightingale* from Granados' *Goyescas* specially for Tamara. The beauty of the playing was matched by the exquisite beauty of Toumanova's face as she was listening to the music. It seems extraordinary to think that it is nearly twenty years since we first saw her. To-day, her beauty is undimmed, in fact it has an added radiance. After much hugging and kissing, she and Mama departed. Her visit has been one of the happiest of her several visits to these islands. Partly made so on account of the wonderful way in which Dolin always receives visiting stars.

SOME people seem to like being thrown around. When Festival Ballet were rehearsing for their recent production of *Schéhérazade* they had to employ a number of guardsmen, as supers, for the slaughter at the end. It is necessary for the girls to be dragged on and thrown to the ground. One of the guardsmen was told to pick up his girl and hurl her some distance ; nobody had quite reckoned on his strength. The onlookers stood paralysed with fright as Sally Bradley hurtled through the air to land with a resounding crash near the footlights. Expecting to find that she had been seriously damaged, everyone asked her in trepidation how she was. She picked herself up, dusted herself down, and said, "I simply loved it".

HE OUGHT TO KNOW

"FAMOUS dance teacher, Arthur Murray, has named Betty Hutton the best female dancer of the year."

(*News of the Week Bulletin from Paramount Pictures*)



Guess the nationality of this dancer? If you thought he was an American in Europe you were wrong. If you thought him an English dancer in America you were wrong. Actually he is a Basque dancer with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. He is, of course Pirmin Trecu taken during the recent tour of the U.S.A
Photo: Norton Goodwin

THE film of *Gaité Parisienne* was recently shown at the Curson Cinema. One of the principal dancers is André Eglevsky. As he comes on with a beautiful *grande jetée* followed by a series of equally beautiful *pirouettes*, executed in the way that only André can do them—a voice in the audience floated up "I don't like 'im, all that 'oppin abaht. Why can't 'e keep still!" Later, however, we are glad to learn that she 'liked the one in green with the beret, even though 'e does flap is 'ands abaht"—it was George Zoritch.

ON the first night of the new Ashton ballet, *Vision of Marguerite*, at the Stoll, we were intrigued to see that the programme informed us that Vassilie Trunoff would dance the Captive Princess in *Prince Igor*. But when the curtain went up Trunoff, unfortunately, was in his usual role as Polovstian Chief, and Daphne Dale was filling in for him as the Princess. These programme mistakes do raise our hopes so.

A WELL-KNOWN critic looked very disappointed after the *Bonne-Bouche premiere* He had to grudgingly admit, "Well, I suppose it was funny". We wonder what he was hoping for, another *Pillar of Fire* perhaps.

CUPID worked overtime with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet on their American tour. As well as the marriage of Elaine Fifield and John Lanchbery, Maureen Bruce and Donald Britton have become officially engaged; Pauline Harrop is returning to America to be married, so also is Margaret Sear. Unofficial rumours are also flying around about other members of the company.

HEARTIEST congratulations to the American critic, John Martin, who has recently completed twenty-five years of writing about ballet for the *New York Times*. His influence extends far outside his native land; his name is synonymous with dance criticism at its best.

happy birthday to...

Margaret Hill	Rambert Ballet	May 16
Peter White	Festival Ballet	May 19
Gilbert Vernon	Sadler's Wells Ballet	May 21
Veronica Vail	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	May 22
Travis Kemp	Continental Ballet	May 23
Deryk Mendel	Formerly Champs Elysees Ballet	May 23
Tatiana Riabouchinska	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	May 23
Christian Foye	Opera, Nice	May 24
Anne Horn	Rambert Ballet	May 24
Cecil Bates	Rambert Ballet	May 25
Geoffrey Webb	Festival Ballet	May 31
Rosemary Lindsay	Sadler's Wells Ballet	June 2
Molly Lake	Continental Ballet	June 3
Robert Harrold	Palladium Ballet	June 4
Nina Vyroubova	Paris Opera	June 4
Ninette de Valois	Director, Sadler's Wells Ballet	June 6
George Zoritch	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	June 6
Norman Dixon	Rambert Ballet	June 9
David Gill	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	June 9
Nancy Fielden Clement	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	June 10
Beryl Grey	Sadler's Wells Ballet	June 11
Greta Hamby	Sadler's Wells Ballet	June 11
Rosemary Valaire	Sadler's Wells Ballet	June 11

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

Balletographies

by PETER APOSPOROS

2. ARDENT FIRST NIGHTER

LADY DOROTHY CROSSING, third daughter of the tenth Marquis of Zebra, owes her interest in the arts to the fact that she was born in the family box at Covent Garden. Her mother had gone to hear Dame Nellie Melba in *La Boheme*. The excitement was too much, so the first words Dorothy heard in this world were about tiny hands being frozen. Since when she has always worn gloves. Until the war she could be seen nightly hanging on to the family box for dear life. The shock of the entertainment provided during the war, caused her to loosen her grip. To-day she has a mere stall.

She prefers the ballet now, because it seems to be more the thing to see and be seen at. It is not difficult to miss her in the Crush Bar—her décoletée dresses are of another era, her flashing jewels are bad replicas of family heirlooms long since sold to pay off debts. She has a habit of talking (almost braying) loudly of the wonders of dancers she never saw.

ANTON DOLIN'S QUIZ

Who said it?

1. I eat like a horse. I'm mad about food.
2. I don't like her, but I think she is a great ballerina. She does not like me either but she does not think I'm a great ballerina.
3. You were wonderful you danced like a cantaloupe.
4. I cannot dance to-night my uncle hurt me.
5. I love to dance I'm really only happy when I dance. The more the better for me.
6. Admirer, "what a magnificent performance you gave to-night."
   Famous ballerina "Yes, didn't I?"
7. Admirer, "I never saw anyone stand so long on one toe as she does."
   Famous ballerina, "Really? How clever! But you see I am far too busy dancing myself."
8. I liked him too, though she would keep standing in front of him.

(The above remarks were made by some of the following: Pavlova, Markova, Fonteyn, Mona Inglesby, Karsavina, Danilova, Molly Lake, Toumanova, Baronova, Krassovska, Shearer, Elvin, Lopokova, Zorina, a famous critic, a member of the audience, a ballet photographer.)

When and Where?

9. England's great ballerina and a well known cavalier have danced once together.

(Who are they, when did they dance and where?)

Who are these?

10. WHEN she danced she was the most superb, the most technically and really classical of all ballerinas. Her legs were divinely formed, perfectly straight and proportioned. Her feet and *pointes* were perfection. Long thin arms that grew so beautifully from out of her slim shoulders.

Her lovely cameo face, large black eyes, flashing tragic smile which showed her white teeth, all framed by the true and real classical hair.

Her *arabesque* extended to heaven ,her *devéloppées* were as high, even higher than a recently criticised ballerina for the same lovely "faults".

She danced two great full-length classical ballets as no one has ever done since, and the one white act of another. That was her repertoire. In two other classics by a famous choreographer she was not really good. In another modern work by a famous choreographer and "sister", she was downright bad.

Before any performance she would practice until the sweat dropped from her body forming little pools of water at her feet.

To-day she lives sadly in a cloud, in a country where few know of her—where her name was hardly seen by the dancing public.

(Who is she? What are the three classics? What are the three more modern works?)

11. WHEN she danced she was a real artist of the dance. Never a prima ballerina in the true sense of the word, but still a dancer with a tremendous range and variety of roles.

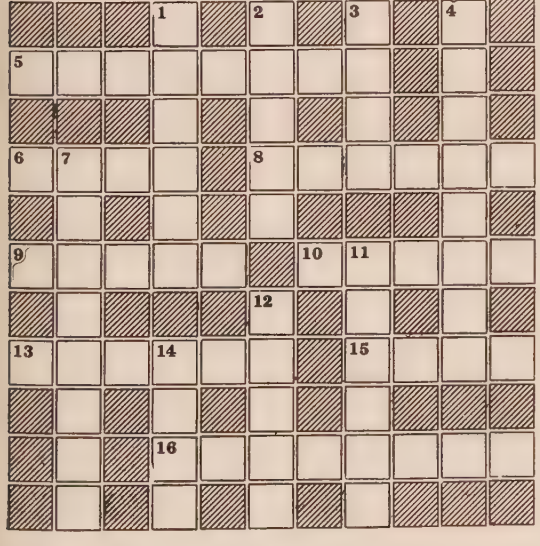
She spoke, and speaks, Russian with an almost cockney accent. Her real surname is famous in two branches of the arts; her stage name is also that of a dancer well-known during the latter part of the last century.

Together with another dancer, they were the first of their nationality to recreate the principal roles in a revival of a ballet which had one nationality for its story, another for the music, and another for the choreography and decor.

When he danced, he was the epitome of dandified elegance. In his day a dancer of unsurpassed technique who really did execute three *tours en l'air*, beat with ease a series of *entrechat huit*, and, when asked, an *entrechat dix*.

(Who is she, who is he, and what was the ballet?)

A prize of ten shillings and sixpence is offered for the first correct answer opened. Send your entries to Anton Dolin, c/o Dance and Dancers, Mersey House, 132 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, not later than May 31. Put the word—Quiz—on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.



crossword 10

BEGINNERS' CLUES

ACROSS
5. Room for the dancers. (8).
6. Throw them out now. (4).
8. Wild feasts as in *Scheherazade*. (6).
9. Colour of Petrouchka's rival. (5).
10. The pit is in the S.E. (5).
13. A star does not like the limelight this. (6).
15. Mr. Sadler had more than one. (4).
16. They last, (anag.)

DOWN
1. Has not a choreographer. (6).
2. I am in the story as a guide. (5).
3. How your first ballet left you? (4).
4. First approval a young dancer needs. (8).
7. Great dancers find this rewarded by hard work. (8).
11. Second half of Carabosse. (6).
12. Drop in scenery. (5).
14. This ends it but is the beginning of good shoes. (4).

VETERANS' CLUES

ACROSS
5. Lip Loser for shoes. (8).
6. There is one d'armour. (4).
8. One opens and closes *Les Forains*. (6).
9. Step in stage manager with a jerk. (5).
10. Have we lost Shearer to them? (5).
13. Dancers need a strong arch here. (6).
15. Rude word to protect toes. (4).
16. Whose return delighted us? (8).

DOWN
1. What stars are to manager. (6).
2. The acrobat does many in *Les Forains*. (5).
3. Try a seat in the Grand one. (4).
4. Brosko or Skouratoff. (8).
7. So E. Spain for a teacher. (8).
11. Denied for a change. (6).
12. Backbone puts a little extra on the pirouette. (5).
14. This little thing can break a ballet company. (4).

The above crossword is for amusement only. The answers will be found on page 26.

We shall always be glad to consider crosswords submitted by readers. The sender will receive ten shillings and sixpence for each crossword published. Send entries to The Editor, Dance and Dancers, Mersey House, 132 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Put the word Crossword on top left-hand corner of envelope.

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New Books

TERPSICHORE UNDER HAMMER AND SICKLE

Borzoi, the life of a dancer by Igor Schwezoff. (Hodder and Stoughton, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

SCHWEZOFF is back again in England, his return marked by a new edition of his famous book. In 1934 he received the prize of £1,000 offered by Hodder and Stoughton for an autobiography written in the English language.

In the days when it was first published, this work created a profound impression, it gave a remarkable picture of pre-revolution Russia, of the horrors of revolution, and the part ballet played in all these upheavals. Since that time, books on ballet have descended in droves—it is now possible to have as many books on ballet as on any other branch of the arts. When I re-opened *Borzoi* the other day, I began to wonder—times have changed, the approach to ballet has changed, and I have changed. Nevertheless I still found it as gripping as I did seventeen years ago. It is easily and graphically written, it also does a great deal to give us some insight into the Russian revolutions, and also helps to make us understand more of what is happening to-day. His escape makes far more exciting reading than any fictional thriller. Those who do not already possess a copy of this book would do well to buy a copy now; they will not be disappointed.

UNTEMPERAMENTAL PLAYERS

Marionettes by Donald Seager (The Studio "How to do it" series, 21*s.*)

HOW happy is the Director of a puppet theatre! He is not troubled by stars who grumble about the programme, their roles, or other dancers. These lilliputian artists are not easy to make; it takes years to learn all the tricks but Mr. Seager can show you the basic construction of the various types of marionette and it is up to you to carry on from there. It would seem that a puppet theatre might prove invaluable to both choreographers and designers—the choreographer could discover new steps and groups, the designer could experiment with costume in movement and the various effects of light on material. Think how you could turn yourself into a private Diaghilev or Sol Hurok; you could have all the artists in the world who would obey every little tremor of your finger-tip. If you do feel this way then Mr. Seager's book should help you.

MEET YOUR PARTNER, EVERYBODY SWING

THE first Queen Elizabeth had an enormous influence on the dance from a social point of view, she was a most enthusiastic performer and during her reign many new social dances were introduced into England. It is perhaps not such a curious coincidence that our present Queen Elizabeth is following closely in her footsteps. The universal popularity of Scottish dancing is mainly due to the Royal family; the photographs of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh doing a Square Dance, during their tour of Canada, were entirely responsible for the sweeping popularity this form of dancing now enjoys on this side of the Atlantic. Forms of Square dancing have been practiced here for a long time and so, for that matter, has the Texan and New England variety; to-day, it is impossible to go to any place where people dance without hearing the patter and chant of the caller. Square dancing has been used in ballets, so it does not seem to be outside our province to draw your attention to the various publications devoted to it.

Square Dance! by Ralph McNair (W. H. Allen, 7*s.* 6*d.*)

THIS appears to be a most comprehensive book. The explanations are concise. The diagrams introduce four couples with such names as Cora, Dan, Andy, etc., With them, you go through thirty-nine calls. Each call is accompanied by a history of its origin which makes it interesting as a reference book as well as being instructive to those intent on becoming Square dancers.

The American Cowboy Square Dance Book by Jimmy Clossin and Carl Hertzog (G. Bell and Sons, 3*s.* 6*d.*)

JIMMY CLOSSIN is one of the best known Texan callers. This book seems to be of more use to callers than to actual dancers. The dances are not so clearly explained as in McNair's book but this less expensive work can give you a pretty good idea of what it is all about.

The American Square Dance (Noel Gay, 5*s.* 6*d.*)

Here is the music for nine dances with instructions. Much of the music is more familiar than you might think.

Square Dance (Francis, Day and Hunter, 2*s.* 6*d.*)

The music of five dances which includes such numbers as "Chicken Reel" and "Turkey in the Straw". There is also a supplement with instructions.

P. W.

What is a Maître de Ballet?

by CLIVE BARNES

One of the questions which frequently puzzles people, is the exact position and meaning of the words—*Maître de Ballet*. In a series of articles, we intend to try and throw some light on the subject by defining the position and background of today's most famous ballet masters.

Nicholas Beriosoff, maître de ballet *of Festival Ballet*

EVEN though the terms connected with ballet are notorious as a glossary of ambiguities, few of them can be capable of more connotations and shades of meaning than *maître de ballet*. The phrase (or its English equivalents, ballet-master and dancing-master), can, and has, signified such a variety of objects during the course of ballet history that it is bound to lack the clear-cut, generally accepted meaning attached to a word like choreographer.

For example the "dancing-master" who appears in *The Rake's Progress*, or the one who incurred the displeasure of Samuel Pepys, were very different fellows from that "dancing-master", the great early nineteenth century *maître de ballet* Salvatore Vigano, who had a medal struck in his honour by the Italian Government. And yet the same term, "dancing-master", could be used with equal force for all three of them.

The confusion is further confounded by the use of the words choreographer and *regisseur*. The *maître de ballet* Noverre was primarily a choreographer but to-day the function of creating choreography has usually been removed from the recognised duties of the *maître de ballet*, though there are many exceptions to prove this only partially general rule.

Then there is the term *regisseur*. Originally this implied something akin to our modern expression "stage director"; later it has become to mean something synonymous with *maître de ballet*.

So, what is a *maître de ballet*, and what does he do ? To arrive at something like an answer let us consider the career and work of a famous modern ballet-master (who, incidentally is called a *regisseur* on the programme) Nicholas Beriosoff.

NICHOLAS BERIOSOFF

BERIOSOFF was born in Lithuania, but educated in Czechoslovakia where he started dancing. Soon he was dancing solos with the ballet of the Prague Opera, staying with this company for four years. In 1928 he toured Scandinavia and arranged the dances for operattas.

Returning to his native Lithuania he joined the National Ballet at Kaunas, then led by Vera Nemchinova and Nicholas Zverev, but soon found his services were more urgently demanded by the Army. His time as a soldier was spent playing a flute in a military orchestra, and later he returned to the ballet.

He remained in Kaunas until 1935, during which time his daughter, the now famous Svetlana Beriosova, was born. Nemchinova and Zverev left to join René Blum's company in Monte Carlo, and Beriosoff followed them.

Beriosoff, who at that time spelt his name Birjaitis, danced with the company in Monte Carlo, Paris, at the Alhambra and elsewhere, appearing in many of the principal character roles of the Ballet Russe, including the Chief Polovstian Warrior, Petrouchka, and the Golden Slave.

Memory for steps

For some time Beriosoff had realised that he possessed an unusually fine memory for choreography. The *maître de ballet* of Blum's company was Fokine himself, thus enabling Beriosoff to make a special study of the choreographer's work and methods.

Fokine was away from the company for about six months of every year ; during this period Beriosoff found himself in charge of the Fokine repertory, the rest of the ballets being entrusted to Zverev. At one time Blum asked Beriosoff to become permanent ballet master, but he was forced to decline the offer as he did not feel that he had yet had enough experience.

Result of an accident

In 1938 the accident occurred which prevented him from reaching the top of his profession as a dancer, and consequently led him to the career of ballet-master. Fokine was reviving *Ygrouchka*, a ballet he had created in 1921 for his own short-lived company under the title of *Poupées Russes*. The ballet was chiefly Russian character dancing, its choreography making free use of *pliés*. One day in Monte Carlo after an exhausting afternoon of rehearsals Beriosoff, who danced the lead in the revival, was met by Fokine and Sir Oswald Stoll, the company's London impresario.

Fokine, naturally anxious to show Stoll something of the new work which was latter to be presented in London, prevailed upon Beriosoff to demonstrate some of the choreography. Beriosoff was cold after class and his muscles had relaxed, consequently while dancing he seriously damaged his knee-cap. For seven months he was unable to dance, Frederic Franklin taking over most of his roles.

After his accident Beriosoff remained with the company principally as a mime. But all the time he was learning, not only from Fokine but also from Massine, who was then the principal choreographer to the Ballet Russe. He first visited America with the company in 1938, and when the Russian companies found themselves exiled in America during the war, Beriosoff was, of course, with them.

In 1942 he left the Ballet Russe and for about a year he performed in Army shows for the American equivalent of E.N.S.A. Then started the train of events that was finally to lead him (and Svetlana) to England.

Return to Europe

In 1943 Massine was asked to form a company to be the national ballet of Mexico, much of the financial backing coming from the Marquis de Cuevas. Massine invited Beriosoff to be ballet-master, his first duties being to collect dancers and start rehearsals for the repertory of thirty ballets.

Everything went well until Massine, after a disagreement with the painter Salvador Dali, walked out. As soon as the Mexico City authorities heard of this they turned down the company—no Massine, no national ballet—leaving the Marquis with many preparations and quite a few dancers on his hands. From this nucleus he formed his Ballet International. Beriosoff was with this group during its last season, as ballet master. Here he had the experience of working under another choreographer, Nijinska.

In 1947 the Marquis de Cuevas came to an arrangement with Serge Lifar and took over Lifar's Monte Carlo Ballet, the company which the previous summer had given a season at the Cambridge Theatre in London. At first, most of the repertory was Lifar's, but de Cuevas took Beriosoff to Monte Carlo with him to supervise the classical ballets and the Fokine works.

From there Beriosoff and his daughter, who had been dancing with the de Cuevas Ballet came to England at the end of 1947 and joined the Metropolitan Ballet. Beriosoff here succeeded Victor Gsovsky as ballet master, and soon established a considerable reputation. With the Metropolitan his outstanding triumph was a universally acclaimed production of *Prince Igor*.

After the Metropolitan Ballet collapsed at the beginning of 1950, Beriosoff spent some time teaching at La Scala, Milan. When at the end of the year Anton Dolin and Julian Braunsweg were forming Festival Ballet, they invited Beriosoff to mount *Petrouchka* and assist in the production of the full-length *Nutcracker*. Later he became a permanent member of the company, so the names of Monte Carlo and Stoll once more loomed large in his life.

Duties of a Ballet Master

Beriosoff's present work falls under three headings. In the first place he is responsible for many of the productions of Festival Ballet (*Prince Igor* and *Schéhérazade* among them), then he has to guard against the general wear and tear on the repertory, seeing that the choreography does not become blunted with use, and finally he is principally in charge of the *corps de ballet*.

(continued on page twenty-one

Dunham on The Dance

THE defiance of space and gravity in terms of the selective elements of form and time is among the oldest of animal expressions. The leaping and bounding characteristic of the four-legged young, the complex patterns of bird choreography, the seasonal mass theatre of elephant herds are all evidences of this profound urge to rhythmic motion and organised pattern. As though in a continuous effort to arrive at an organic unity with nature, dance—loosely defined as "rhythmic motion"—has persisted through the various phases of man's physical, psychological and social-organisational changes from pre-history until now.

To define is often to limit unconditionally, and the definition of deep rooted and fundamental inner springs, senses, atavistic patterns should be superfluous. " Rhythmic motion " however is too sparse a definition for dance unless automatically is included a body of experiences of sounds, feelings and intentions. In a search for definition, I once arrived at :

" Dance is rhythmic motion for one or more of a number of reasons : social cohesion, psychological or physiological catharsis, exhibitionism, auto-hypnosis, ecstasy, sexual selection, play-recreation, development of artistic values, etc."

I realise that this formula enters more into the terms of description than definition, which often occurs when, by a certain continuous extension of co-related characteristics, the only answers seem to be over-complexity or over-simplicity.

Verbalisation is apt to end in sterility, and the aesthetic experience such as makes up a large part of any art creation eludes explicitness with a tantalising facility. Even now I see that I, like numerous other creative artists, have fallen into this pitfall and try to explain with many words an experience which I firmly believe to be at the root of man's potentialities for personal and social integration.

The world dances

The universality of dance has for long been recognised by historians, philosophers, graphic and plastic artists, and more recently has become a subject of interest to anthropologists, psychologists and physiologists. There has begun to emerge in recent years a strong popular concern for this expression, not only from a theatrical entertainment point of view, but in terms of its examination as a cultural trait, comparative analysis and its significance, sociological, biological and psychological.

But as the scientific importance of the dance is brought to prominence by such media as the folklore theatre, the ease with which dance can be exploited by camera and the ever-growing library of descriptive travel-lore, there arises in modern society a dispute which has finalised itself in placing dance in that ambiguous position between science and art, between exposition and entertainment. This is to be deplored as truthfully no art can be separated from scientific discovery.

Primitive expression

In primitive societies dance is an accepted functional element of both personal and community life, and for this reason the conflict of classification does not arise. The ecstasies, repressions, challenges, sorrows and pleasures of peoples still living in a primitive state find expression and are controlled or released, as the case may be, by ritualised dance. And it is from a careful observation of the dance as a community expression that many important factors of culture type or pattern, psychology and philosophy may be arrived at.

Man's desire seems to move in two directions ; one toward the deep atavistic backward pull of some darker millenium past, the other towards greater integration and a more unified existence. Depending on the character of the individual and the type of culture in which he finds himself, depending on elements still unknown to psychologist and physiologist, this desire for unity directs itself towards an idea of the divine, towards nature, towards the unifying of the various personalities making up each individual self, towards a search for a concept of good, or simply towards an unseen light. When some degree of unity is arrived at, some degree of relief from *malaise* is the reward.

Unifying element

Since there is every evidence of the ascendency of *malaise* in our own industrialised societies, it becomes increasingly timely and of interest to observe in societies still enjoying a primitive or folk state to what degree dance serves as a unifying element, to what degree rhythmic motion reaches into the depths of community and individual life and effects equilibrium, maintains balance, channels emotion.

Equally, modern society exposes itself to comment through its demonstrations of motor activity. We have somehow in our process of absorbing the refinements of civilisation arrived at the conclusion that we are no longer to be measured by the same set of equations as govern peoples still living in a folk or primitive state. This is obviously a fallacy, and many of the intense crises of modern living, when viewed from the vantage point of evolution or acculturation, become less sinister and more capable of solution.

Dunham as a street candy-vendor from Bahia
Photo : Iris

Dance in modern society is almost totally confined to social ball-room situations, or various forms of theatre and entertainment. The tastes of a non-participating public, that is the spectator, are important in analysis. If we observe mass tastes in social dancing in a cross section of the most highly industrialised metropolitan centres we find a pattern fairly generally followed during this past century of rapidly changing ethics, economics and beliefs.

The rhythm of the average metropolitan centre is not one to induce integration—quite the contrary. Our pace is uneven, our bearing has lost the composure of its stature and our spirit has no oneness with the air that we breathe. We are dominated by a cross current of rhythms and motions emanating from countless man-created machines and institutions, from fears, anxieties and loss of faith.

The rhythms of the human body itself—the beating of the heart, the motion of breathing, the flow of the bloodstream and the unconscious urging of the muscles are in constant competition with the cacophony and disharmony which are the fruits of our industrial age. In the dance hall, the giddy jazz of the 'twenties catapulted into the frenetic delirium of the Lindy Hop and its subsequent developments. A search into the past brought back again—the Charleston, Dixieland, energetic country folk dancing.

Tornado from the Caribbean

A curious combination of jazz and bolero came out of Cuba towards the end of the 1940 decade in the form of the " Mombo " and has swept a tornado through the Caribbean, the Americas and Europe. Since the great waltz era, which had its inception immediately preceding the industrial revolution, the social dancing of modern man, which after all is the sole remaining vestige of dance as a cultural trait apart from the theatre, has exhibited the increased neurasthenia, the growing lack of integrative tendency and the fundamental disharmony in which we find ourselves to-day.

There is every biological evidence that an essential sense of order exists in all living organisms ; a movement not haphazard or without form ; a pattern of life more carefully choreographed than any of the ballets of the masters. The search for visual evidence of this order has and still fortunately does preoccupy philosophers, scientists, and creative artists. The obvious, almost pre-requisite point of departure in this quest would be an examination of those societies still living in a state relatively free from the extended complex of industrialisation.

Haitian example

Although I have chosen to make the island of Haiti the illustration of many and varied thesis expounding the unity between man and his gods, man and the elements of nature, and man and a set of fundamental governing rhythms, I would not be able to make the

Probably more than any other dance creator, Katherine Dunham has probed the depths in order to discover the reason for man's time-old desire to express himself in dance. In this article she reveals some of her findings in this direction.

This is the first of a series in which, from time to time, we shall ask world famous dance personalities to discuss their opinion of the dance and its origin.

Dunham and Vanoye Aikens in Barrelhouse. *This is a typical example of the type of dance which has emerged from world weariness Photo: Teddy Piaz*

statement with any honesty that the peoples of the island of Haiti are free from neurasthenia. For some of them African gods have turned into schizophrenic superstition, for others the strain of reconciliation between these gods and Catholicism creates deep conflict; for many others the anxieties of the caste-colour system are psychologically insupportable. But one can hardly set foot on the island without being aware at once that some cohesive agent is strongly at work.

The republic of Haiti occupies about one-third of the area of the island known at one time as Domingue, earlier named Hispaniola by its discoverer, Christopher Columbus. The remaining portion of the island, less attractive in many geographical aspects, is made up of the republic of Santo Domingo, Spanish in provenience. While Haiti is French in the contacts and customs of its upper classes, the influence of the brief American occupation, and the subsequent influx of tourists, is fast being absorbed into its pattern of culture.

The great body of illiterate peasantry speaks French creole, works the cane, coffee and sisal fields in a concerted rhythm known as the "combite" to concerted singing under a professional concert-master; fishes in the deep sea and derives the dance movement of the god *Agwe* from the motion of the waves. At night when the Haitian peasant huddles around a small charcoal fire to recite stories and bits of gossip, interrogation and expostulation become a gentle interweaving into a recordable rhythmic pattern.

Added to this, nine evenings out of ten, guitar, maracas and bongo, Cuban importations, will be stimulating a "bomboche" or social get-together at *Carrefour*, or a juke box will be playing endless "mombos" in the endless cafes along the ocean front on the road to Leogane. In the hills above Port-au-Prince the drums of Rada-Dahomey, beaten primarily with sharp sticks on a five foot tree-trunk, headed with a pegged ox-hide, pierce the chill mountain air and penetrate into the low coast line to send a thrill of excitement across the Champs-de-Mars where mulatto lovers hold hands on stone benches, past the sugar-icing presidential palace and out into the depths of the ocean where *Agwe* and his hierarchy hold forth. Far out in deep sea *Agwe* answers with a ballet of a million phosphorescent handmaidens.

Out of the bowels of the earth in the south the Congo drums answer with the disturbing tortured sex-groan which characterises the percussive accompaniment of this complex of deities. From Croix-des-Bouquets the sharp infuriated anger beat of the more violent "petro" cult catapults into the plains of the Cul-de-Sac in defiance of the gentler more benevolent deities of neighbours.

If it is night, it is the drums; if it is day, it is the sound of the sharp hooves of scrawny Aean little donkeys on pavement, rock or dust, the banter of their mistresses, and the endless padding of bare feet streaming down from the hills to market and back up into the hills again.

These essential rhythm patterns penetrate every phase of island life. Even the several large completely modern factories seem insignificant beside the infiltrating power of these patterns handed down for centuries and surviving the shock of displacement, impact with foreign rhythms, revolution, occupation and now industrialisation. This is the cohesive element that one feels when setting foot on the island; and for each of these rhythms there is a dance, or a number of dances, known by all, participated in by all, even though for the élite his brief moments of physical contact may be only at carnival time. For the others it is always a dancing through life of one's emotions, experiences, joys, sufferings. A dancing out of oneself that makes life bearable, because the life of the Haitian peasant is not an easy one.

The emotional life of any community is clearly legible in its art forms, and because the dance seeks continuously to capture moments of life in a fusion of time, space and motion, the dance is, at a given moment, the most accurate chronicler of culture pattern. The constant interplay of conscious and unconscious find a perfect instrument in the physical form, the human body which embraces all at once. Alone, or in concert, man dances his selves and his feelings and his dance becomes a communication as clear as though it were written or spoken in a universal language.

BERIOSOFF, Ballet Master—*continued from page nineteen*

The most important requirement of a ballet-master is to be a good teacher. He must instil life and order into the *corps de ballet*, he must ensure that it is equally balanced and of an high even level of accomplishment. He can only do this successfully by winning the respect and, if possible, the affection of his company. In this way will he obtain the co-operation of the dancers, without which his teaching, however good, would go for nothing. A *corps de ballet* is a group of highly complex individuals; a strict disciplinarian who was nothing more than a martinet untouched by humanity, would probably only produce a drilled band of unhappy and discontented dancers.

If the ballet-master is also in charge of certain of the revivals, his difficulties are enormously increased. Beriosoff has had a splendid opportunity to learn his craft (he considers that he knows not only all the major Fokine repertory, but also most of the Massine ballets) and his opinions on the subject of revivals are well worth repeating.

Fokine himself, and he certainly is not alone among choreographers in this, never revived a ballet precisely as it was. He not only changed small details in the interest of contemporary taste, but also re-created a ballet according to the dancers he had at his disposal. Obviously then the first point to be made about Beriosoff's Fokine revivals is that they are only accurate reproductions of the version which he was taught by the choreographer, and any variations from earlier productions found in them are probably later re-workings from the choreographer himself.

In addition to this Beriosoff believes, as did Fokine, that the important quality of any revival is to recapture the spirit of the original, and, as far as possible, to reproduce its effect upon the audience. And until the universal practice and acceptance of Dance Notation, this must surely be the only possible guiding rule for ballet revivals.

This then is the ballet-master's job as undertaken by Beriosoff. His success in it can easily be measured by results. The improvement and the liveliness of the Festival Ballet *corps* this season have been commented upon by almost every critic. His productions of *Prince Igor* and *Petrouchka* are the first since the war to reveal Fokine in something like his true colours, thus showing the post-war generation of ballet-goers that the choreographer's greatness was not just a myth perpetrated by respectful historians. (An opinion of Fokine's merits which, before the work of Festival Ballet, would have been perfectly reasonable.)

Beriosoff's ambitions include not only original choreographic work, but also the revivals of Fokine's *L'Epreuve d'Amour* and the romantic ballet *Esmeralda*.

He can remember the Fokine work, one of the choreographer's masterpieces, perfectly, but has not been able to discover the Mozart score, not more than two or three copies of which are still in existence. *Esmeralda* (with the original Pugni music, omitting the Drigo additions) he can remember from Prague. As he talks about its setting in the dim catacombs of Paris, the virginal purity of its heroine, the picture of the hunch-backed Quasimodo crouched over his bell, all come to life in his conversation.

Beriosoff, a good teacher, a conscientious and gifted reproducer of ballets, a kindly and enthusiastic man, is a fine example of the modern ballet-master. His is a difficult job, as essential to the art of ballet as any, but one which it is unfortunately easy to forget. Like the repetiteurs in an opera company, ballet-masters are rarely brought on stage to take calls. But just let a company try to get on without them. Just let it try.

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SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

NEW DANCERS IN OLD ROLES

PETER CLEGG has danced both the title-role in *Donald of the Burthens*, and the Blue Skater in *Les Patineurs*. He gave a sound performance of Donald, dancing with an infectious cheerfulness, but it was his Blue Skater that revealed his full promise. The technical difficulties were more or less surmounted, and his timing was good. His pointing of the character was witty and assured, while even at his first performance he was able to impose a personal stamp on the choreography. Not yet as brilliant as Shaw's exhilarating show-off, Clegg's performance is the most like Turner's, particularly in its style, that we have seen. In the same ballet Greta Hamby and Valerie Taylor made a well-matched pair of Red Girls, restoring to this dance the crisp sparkle it has sometimes lacked.

NEW ZIP TO ANGOT

THE performances of *Mam'zelle Angot* have been given rather more zip this season than last. The old casts danced better and the newcomers have been very successful. Brian Shaw has taken over some performances of the Barber. His is more petulant and aggrieved than Grant's creation, but a little less pathetic. In many of the movements they look startlingly alike, but although Shaw danced superbly, and was even preferable in the ballet's second scene, he naturally lacked the authority in the role that Grant has acquired over the years.

It seems doubtful whether any of the dancers who have taken the Aristocrat have given a better rounded or more delightful performance than Pamela May. She had everything for the part; a certain coyness, a genteel delicacy, impetuosity, and a slight, very slight, tinge of the freshly enobled chorus-girl. (After all Clairette is supposed to be a school-fellow of Mam'zelle Angot, a fact which some interpreters of the part have ignored). Altogether it was one of those sketches which make May invaluable to the company.

John Sale has been dancing one of the garrulous Gendarmes, a good solo debut this, and, though I unfortunately did not see it, I am told that Ray Powell has given an hilarious performance as the Chief of Police. The whole company have been participating in the ballet with something approaching abandon, but the Pirate, abandon or no abandon, is not really a part for Leslie Edwards.

TIRED IBERIAN PICNIC

THE casts for that battered old titfer *The Three-Cornered Hat* have, apart from Grant and Heaton, been more impressive in quantity than quality. Most of them were reviewed last month. Gilbert Vernon's Miller was moderately well-danced and had considerable charm. But the outline of Massine's choreography was blurred in its details, there was little passionate fire about the performance, and the attractively ugly figure of Alarcon's Miller (never absent from Massine's own performance) was missing.

There have been two new Corregidor's, Leslie Edwards and Franklin White. Both of them affected senility to such an extent that one began to have doubts about their ability to complete the performance before *rigor mortis* finally overpowered them. Edwards' was rather the more convincing portrait. There was an interestingly sinister and evil quality in his performance which Hart avoids, but he seemed to lay too much emphasis on doddering mime and not enough on the dance.

While Edwards looked like a chicken-hearted disciple of the Marquis de Sade, Franklin White's lechery was much more wholesome .A fussy old man hopefully sowing belated wild-oats, not unlike Franklin White as the Chief of Police in *Mam'zelle Angot*. White's miming in this, as often elsewhere, though excellent from the stalls and stalls circle loses its effect as one goes into the further reaches of the theatre, until at the back o the gallery it is reduced to almost negligible, finicky movements. Possibly his gestures could have more breadth, at the moment they do not seem to "carry" particularly well.

Both Clegg and Shaw have made first appearances as the Dandy. They led the Jota a lively dance, both could be a little more dandified, and neither yet perform the "kite episode" on the bridge with the exquisite neatness of Grant.

Antony Manning and Keith Milland jumped high as the Fools; Farron, Olrich and Legerton all led the Jota well, Farron's place on one occasion being most decoratively taken by Valerie Taylor. The company's make-up in this ballet was, on the whole, very bad indeed: many of the dancers looked about as Spanish as a party of Cook's tourists.

NEW IN THE BEAUTY

ON the Saturday afternoon immediately following Fonteyn's triumphant return as Aurora, the company gave a most interesting performance of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Rosemary Lindsay's third Aurora showed a marked improvement on her first two. She gave more to the part, while the general pattern of her dancing had a bolder, firmer outline. She was not skimping movements as she has occasionally in the past, but she could still acquire more grace in the carriage of her head and shoulders.

Philip Chatfield made a remarkably fine London debut as Prince Florimund at this performance. His Vision scene was a promising study in foppish courtliness and Petrachian love-melancholy, and he was a radiant Prince Charming in the last act. (Aurora is not the only character to be awakened in the ballet, Florimund, too, undergoes a complete emotional change, which Chatfield nicely calculated). His partnering was flattering and his variation was excellently danced. Like the other three Florimunds, Chatfield had his own choreographic variant, but for the first time it looked a moderately good solo.

Mary Drage now dances the Lilac Fairy quite well. Although I gladly admit that in reviewing her performance two months back, I did her dancing less than justice, she has a long way to go before she will be adequate in the all-important non-dancing part of the role. This is one of the few parts in which ability is no substitute for experience.

Avril Navarre and Gilbert Vernon danced an exuberant Bluebird *pas de deux*. She has regained her fluent, easy technique and may, once more, be a candidate for ballerina honours. She might, however, do well to modify her rather pugnacious attack; audiences can be charmed as easily as they can be battered into submission. Vernon is jumping higher, and this combined with his neat execution, greatly improves his performance.

C. B.

SUMMER SEASON

THE company re-opened at Covent Garden, after their most successful visit to Portugal, on May 3. The new season will last through until the annual holidays which start on July 3. During the next two months we shall see Fonteyn in *Giselle* and a revival of Ashton's *Scenes de Ballet*. The new *Swan Lake* is likely to be given in this period. Much that has been missing from the Wells production of this work, is going to be included. There will also be completely re-designed scenery by Leslie Hurry.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

THE company returned home to Rosebery Avenue on April 24 with the full-length *Coppelia*. A review of this together with a general survey of the changes since the American tour, will be in our next issue.

FESTIVAL BALLET

THE two new works created for the London season at the Stoll Theatre were *Pas de Reve* by Anton Dolin, and *Vision of Marguerite* by Frederick Ashton.

The former was a *pas de deux* for Toumanova and Dolin to the music of the second movement from the Max Bruch Violin Concerto. It concerned the usual young man's dream of his beloved. Its value was that it gave Toumanova something different to dance and she was very quiet and lyrical. Dolin partnered her with his usual aristocracy. It was more an expression of mood than of anything else. It is a pity that some other music could not have been used because this practice of taking pieces out of complete works show a lack of understanding of the art of the composer. Symphonies and concertos, in spite of the fact that they fall into different movements, are conceived as a whole. No choreographer would like to have great chunks taken out of a ballet and presented as a separate work, so why should a composer be any more pleased? It is bad enough having whole symphonies turned into ballets, far worse if they are sliced-up. Not that much harm was done in this particular case but it was the thin edge of the wedge which can lead to dreadful disaster

VISION IN WALTZ-TIME

VISION OF MARGUERITE was an up-to-date version of the original *Mephisto Valse* which Ashton made for Ballet Rambert in 1934. Between then and now, Ashton has developed into England's greatest choreographer. The new work is a crystalization of many of the steps which he has now made his own.

Mephisto (Oleg Briansky) shows Faust (John Gilpin) a vision of Marguerite (Belinda Wright). The lovers are united during the night, but with the dawn Mephisto forces Faust to abandon the girl.

The Liszt music is not long, therefore a great deal has to be crammed into a short space. Ashton is a masterly enough choreographer to never give the appearance of overcrowding. It is not a particularly important work but it is a very pleasant one and it was brilliantly danced by all three. Belinda Wright showed a sensitivity not so far apparent in her work, Gilpin partnered very well and gave a lovely short variation. Briansky was very forceful and virile but his performance would be improved if he did not grunt so audibly. James Bailey's costumes were very chicly romantic, his setting was pretty in a German Gothic fairy tale way—perhaps a little too elaborate for such a simple work. But he managed to get a feeling of unreality with real objects.

Altogether a charming miniature work which should be a most distinguished addition to the repertoire.

BALLET WORKSHOP

ON Sunday, March 16, Ballet Workshop have one of the first really experimental works since they first started. Michael Holmes in *Palisade* set-out to try and create a certain effect on the audience. He attempted to make the audience feel how a man would, just after he had been thrown into prison. To do this he used Michael Hobson's percussive score, and ingeniously-lit decor by Tom Lingwood, and seven male dancers led by Michel de Lutry as the prisoner.

He can be said to have succeeded in his aim because the work was a nightmare and one began to long for it to finish—the music and general ugliness started to jab into one's brain. The choreography was central-European in style and was particularly well danced by Michel de Lutry who also showed a fine sense of mime. The way he clutches at invisible bars, just after he has been thrown into jail, was very moving.

A scene from Michael Holmes' ballet, Palisade, *for Ballet Workshop. This was most successful in that it created the effect intended—horror, claustrophobia and frustration. The Warder (Alec Martin) is seen accusing the Prisoner (Michel de Lutry). The other figures represent the various elements which hem the prisoner in*

Photo: Paul Wilson

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This is just the sort of work that can only be done by the Workshop and it is hoped that we shall have many more like it, though perhaps the subjects might be rather more pleasant.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

ALSO new in this programme was Jack Carter's *Por Tres Personas*. This was a stylised Spanish *pas de trois* presumably about a man trying to decide between a young and old love. There is a great slickness in all Carter's choreography and in this case it was matched by Roland-Manuel's crisp and witty score. One has got so used to Carter burlesquing a style, that one started-off with the idea that this was supposed to be in the same vein. It was not; but the fact that there was any doubt is surely a weakness. It was an agreeable enough twist on a dance for three people but in all his work he has shown such ability that one can only wish that he could evolve something more important than these divertissements. Perhaps when he revives his *Living Image* in the near future, we shall see the ballet we have been waiting for.

CARMEN AMAYA

SINCE this great gypsy dancer appeared at Princes Theatre in 1948, we have seen much, far too much, Spanish dancing. On her previous visit she was a novelty and caused a sensation. One did not approach the first night of her new season at the Cambridge Theatre on April 12, with all the old expectancy. What a surprise, therefore, to find that far from losing anything she has gained considerably as a dancer.

She is a remarkable artist, with her features as though carved out of ancient Spanish wood. We talk about dancers having fire but she is a bonfire, and a pretty good blaze at that. She has the precision of a dynamo, and the dynamo is what keeps the rest of her company up to a pitch of fury. Her brothers, sisters, aunts, husband, and various other relations all help to make this a show quite different to anything of its kind. A full review of the season will appear next month.

P. W.

TELEVISION

DESPITE the absence of colour and the third dimension, the television performance of Katherine Dunham's "*L'Ag'-Ya*" on April 4, was even more exciting than that at the Cambridge Theatre.

The producer, Philip Bate, very ingeniously took his camera amongst the dancers giving the viewer the impression that he was there on the spot participating in the tragedy that overtakes Loulouse, Miss Dunham's artless Martiniquoise.

The production was greatly aided by the straightforwardness of the narrative and the compactness of the dance design; complicated stories and intricate patterns tend to become muddled on television. The strong movement too is more suited than the stylised steps of classical ballet to this more realistic medium. As always, Miss Dunham and her dancers were uniformly perfect; serene, natural, joyous and anguished in turn, with equal plausibility.

J. S.

Nora Kaye and Hugh Laing in Lilac Garden *which Antony Tudor has revived for New York City Ballet. It will be seen when the company comes to Covent Garden in July. The work was originally created for Ballet Rambert and is certainly the best of Tudor's early work. When Ballet Theatre gave it during their season at Covent Garden in* 1946, *it had lost a great deal of its original quality*

Photo: Walter Owen

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May
14 *Donald of the Burthens, Giselle.*
16 *Scenes de Ballet* (revival), *Giselle.*
17 *Scenes de Ballet, Giselle.*
20 *Scenes de Ballet, Don Quixote, Bonne-Bouche.*
21 *Scenes de Ballet, Ballabile, Bonne-Bouche.*
24 (M) *Ballabile, Giselle.*
(E) *Ballabile, Giselle.*
26 *Les Sylphides, Symphonic Variations, Bonne-Bouche.*
27 *Ballabile, Symphonic Variations, Bonne-Bouche.*
28 *Ballabile, Giselle.*
30 *Bonne-Bouche, Giselle.*
31 (M) *Coppelia.*
June
2 *Scenes de Ballet, A Mirror for Witches, Daphnis and Chloe.*
4 *Les Patineurs, A Mirror for Witches, Bonne-Bouche.*
7 (M) *Les Patineurs, Giselle.*

RAMBERT BALLET

June
16 & 23 Theatre Royal, Windsor.
July
8 International Eisteddfod. (1 performance only)
21 & 28 Open Air Theatre, Finsbury Park.
August
11 & 18 Repertory Theatre, Colchester.
September
1 Civic Theatre, Chesterfield.
8 Guildhall, St. Ives.

FESTIVAL BALLET

May
12 Gaumont, Bradford.
19 & 26 Empire, Cardiff.
June
2 Essoldo, Brighton.
9 Royal Pavilion, Bournemouth.
16 & 23 Grand, Leeds.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

May
12 Empire, Sunderland.
19 & 26 Royal Court, Liverpool.
June
2, 9 & 16 Gaiety, Dublin.
23 & 30 Royal Opera

KATHERINE DUNHAM AND HER DANCERS

May
12 & 19 Pavilion, Bournemouth.
26 & June 2 Theatre Royal, Nottingham.
9 & 16 Hippodrome, Birmingham.
23 & 30 Hippodrome, Bristol.
July
7 & 14 Hippodrome, Coventry,
21 & 28 Royal Court, Liverpool.
August
4 & 11 Opera House, Manchester.
18 & 25 Theatre Royal, Newcastle.
September
1 & 8 Kings, Glasgow.
15 & 22 Kings, Edinburgh.

BALKAN RHAPSODY

The Songs and Dances of Yugoslavia, at the Cambridge Theatre, London, from May 19.

The Pauline Grant Ballet in Mischief in the Wind. *This was the first work to start a new policy at the Palladium. Gillian Lynne is seen centre being supported by Nigel Burke, Malcolm Goddard and Robert Harrold* *Photo: Matthews*

DANCING IN MUSICALS

SHOW	THEATRE	DANCE ARRANGER	PRINCIPAL DANCERS
CALL ME MADAM	Coliseum	George Carden	George Carden and Olga Roberts
EXCITEMENT	Casino	Daphne Kiernander (for the ensembles)	Ensembles. Also speciality acts :— Danya and Alvarez, Pedro de Cordoba, Remi Martel Dancers
ZIP GOES A MILLION	Palace	Pauline Grant	Barbara Perry ,Audrey Freeman and Ian Stuart
BLUE FOR A BOY	His Majesty's	Joan Davis	Hermene French, Terence Theobold
BET YOUR LIFE	Hippodrome	George Carden	Pamela Bromley
KNIGHTS OF MADNESS	Victoria Palace	George Carden	Hazel Johns
PAULINE GRANT BALLET	London Palladium	Pauline Grant	Gillian Lynne, Malcolm Goddard Nigel Burke, Robert Harold
LYRIC REVUE	Globe	Wm. Chappell	Tommy Linden, Hilary Allen
PENNY PLAIN	St. Martin's	Alfred Rodrigues	Moyra Fraser
		ON TOUR	
KISS ME, KATE		Hanya Holm	Lionel Blair, Deirdre Vivian. Buster St. George

When to see them

MARGOT FONTEYN

May
14 *Giselle.*
17 (M) *Giselle.*
20 *Don Quixote.*
24 (E) *Giselle.*
26 *Symphonic Variations.*
28 *Giselle.*
June
2 *Daphnis and Chloe.*
7 (M) *Giselle.*

BERYL GREY

May
14 *Giselle (Myrtha)*
17 (M) *Giselle (Myrtha).*
24 (E) *Giselle (Myrtha).*
26 *Les Sylphides.*
28 *Giselle (Myrtha).*
June
2 *Scenes de Ballet.*
7 (M) *Giselle (Myrtha).*

PAMELA MAY

May
20 *Bonne-Bouche.*
21 *Bonne-Bouche.*
26 *Bonne-Bouche.*
27 *Bonne-Bouche.*
31 (M) *Coppelia.*
June
4 *Bonne-Bouche.*

VIOLETTA ELVIN

May
16 *Giselle.*
21 *Ballabile.*
24 (M) *Giselle.*
27 *Ballabile.*
28 *Ballabile.*
30 *Giselle.*
June
2 *Daphnis and Chloe.*

BRIAN SHAW

May
20 *Bonne-Bouche.*
21 *Bonne-Bouche.*
21 *Bonne-Bouche.*
26 *Symphonic Variations.*
27 *Symphonic Variations.*
30 *Bonne-Bouche.*
June
4 *Les Patineurs.*

JOHN HART

17 (M) *Scenes de Ballet.*
20 *Bonne-Bouche.*
21 *Scenes de Ballet.*
26 *Symphonic Variations.*
27 *Symphonic Variations.*
30 *Bonne-Bouche.*
31 (M) *Coppelia.*
June
4 *A Mirror for Witches.*
7 (M) *Les Patineurs.*

NADIA NERINA

May
16 *Scenes de Ballet.*
17 (M) *Scenes de Ballet.*
20 *Scenes de Ballet.*
21 *Scenes de Ballet.*
26 *Symphonic Variations.*
27 *Symphonic Variations.*

MICHAEL SOMES

May
14 *Giselle.*
16 *Scenes de Ballet.*
17 (M) *Giselle.*
24 (E) *Giselle.*
26 *Symphonic Variations.*
28 *Giselle.*
June
2 *Daphnis and Chloe.*
7 (M) *Giselle.*

ALEXANDER GRANT

May
14 *Donald of the Burthens.*
20 *Bonne-Bouche.*
21 *Ballabile.*
24 (E) *Ballabile.*
26 *Bonne-Bouche.*
27 *Bonne-Bouche.*
28 *Ballabile.*
30 *Bonne-Bouche.*
June
2 *Daphnis and Chloe.*
4 *Bonne-Bouche.*

Ballet Correspondents

The name and address and details of any regular reader of DANCE AND DANCERS *will be printed in this column free of charge (as space permits). Follow the style of these announcements, use the abbreviations listed below and send the details you wish printed to* DANCE AND DANCERS, *marking the envelope* BALLET CORRESPONDENTS.

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)

SONIA NEWMAN, 3 Shakespeare Avenue, Penarth, S. Wales, wants b.c., m. or f. anywhere. m.a. 17. o.i. reading, music, dramatics, all answered.

DOROTHY CARDEN, Greengarth, North Vale Road, Timperley, Cheshire, wants b.c., m. or f. any age, anywhere. m.a. 17. o.i. music, all kinds of dancing.

MERYL HORTON, 25 Thornyholme Drive, Knutsford, Cheshire, wants b.c., m. or f. age 16-18 in U.S.A., or England. m.a. 16. o.i. theatre, cinema, books, tennis.

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Solution to Crossword on page seventeen.

VETERANS
Across. 5. Porselli. 6. Reve. 8. Parade. 9. Spasm. 10. Films. 13. Instep. 15. Darn. 16. Fonteyns.
Down. 1. Assets. 2. Flips. 3. Tier. 4. Vladimir. 7. Espinosa. 11. Indeed. 12. Spine. 14. Tiff.

BEGINNERS
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Down. 1. Ashton. 2. Pilot. 3. Agog. 4. Parental. 7. Ambition. 11. Powell. 12. Inset. 14. Last.

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